What's the Matter With the Mails?

February 11, 1965 35¢

THE REPUBLICANS AFTER THE DEBACLE

THE REPORTER

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You can bask in the sun all day...
You can dance the Limbo till dawn...
You can raft miles down the Rio Grande...

but you haven't been to ...

Photographed at the Royal Caribbean Hotel & Sea Club, Montego Bay, Jamaica, W.I.

W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y. • 63 PROOF

until you've tasted

JAMAICA'S LEGENDARY LIQUEUR

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

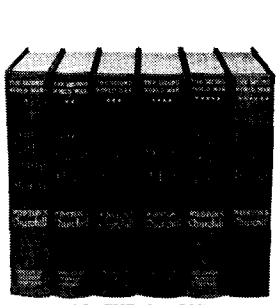
YOU CAN NOW CONTINUOUSLY ACQUIRE SETS LIKE THESE FOR ONLY $1 A VOLUME

as a member of the BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

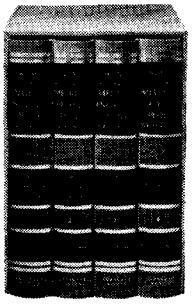
... you can begin at once by choosing any of the sets below [UP TO SIX VOLUMES]

IN A SHORT EXPERIMENTAL SUBSCRIPTION

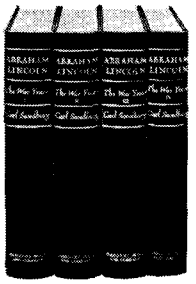
THE SUGGESTED TRIAL: You simply agree to buy three Club Selections or Alternates within the next twelve months



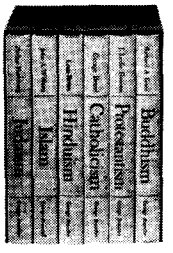
404. THE SECOND WORLD WAR
by WINSTON S. CHURCHILL
Retail prices, if bought separately, total **$39**



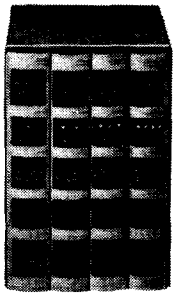
469. THE NEW ILLUSTRATED MEDICAL ENCYCLOPEDIA FOR HOME USE
Edited by ROBERT E. ROTHENBERG, M.D.
Retail price **$50**



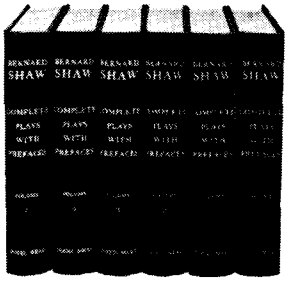
281. ABRAHAM LINCOLN The War Years
by CARL SANDBURG
Illustrated
Retail price **$36**



506. GREAT RELIGIONS OF MODERN MAN
Retail price **$24**



453. THE WORLD'S GREAT THINKERS
Edited by SAXE COMMINS *and* ROBERT N. LINSCOTT
Retail price **$14.95**



560. BERNARD SHAW Complete Plays with Prefaces
Retail price **$45**

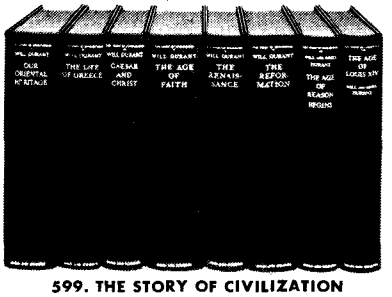
624. THE WORLD OF THE PAST
by JACQUETTA HAWKES
Illustrated
Retail price **$20**

428. THE WORLD OF MATHEMATICS
Edited by JAMES R. NEWMAN
Retail price **$25**

509. THE OXFORD BOOKS OF AMERICAN AND ENGLISH VERSE
Retail prices total **$14.50**

634. THE ALEXANDRIA QUARTET
by LAWRENCE DURRELL
Retail price **$15.80**

IF YOU PREFER YOU MAY CHOOSE THIS 8-VOLUME SET FOR $1.50 A VOLUME



599. THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION
by WILL DURANT *and* ARIEL DURANT
Retail price **$86**

175. THE WARREN COMMISSION REPORTS ON THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT KENNEDY
Retail prices total **$9.90**

An unprecedented home-library building plan every book-reading family should know about

THE OBVIOUS purpose of this suggested trial is to have you discover, *by actual experience*, the extraordinary opportunity you will have to acquire a well-rounded library at little cost—through the Club's unique Book-Dividend system. The system is simple: If you continue after this trial, with every Club Selection—or Alternate—you buy you will receive a Book-Dividend Certificate which, together with a nominal sum, can be redeemed for your choice of a fine library volume. At present more than 100 different works are available for this purpose and most of the volumes call for only one Certificate plus $1.00 or $1.50—occasionally more for an unusually expensive volume.

✶ **HOW CAN THIS BE DONE?** A portion of the amount members pay for the books they buy is accumulated and invested in entire editions of valuable books and sets through special contractual arrangements with the publishers in each case. These are the Club's Book-Dividends, and members are free to choose among them.

✶ **GOOD SENSE** • No less important than this almost incredible library-building plan are three other long-proved benefits of membership. First, members *have a wide choice* among the best new books—at least 200 a year. Second, the Club's prices to members average 20% below retail prices—a continuing economy over and above Book-Dividend savings. Finally, and perhaps most important, the Club's unique method of operation *really insures you against missing* the new books you fully intend to read, but so often fail to through overbusyness.

DO NOT SEND MONEY... A BILL WILL BE SENT WITH YOUR SET

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. A157-2-1
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a trial member of the Book-of-the-Month Club and send me the library set or sets—up to six volumes—whose number(s) I have indicated in the box below, billing me $1 for each volume ($1.50 a volume if I select the 8-volume *Story of Civilization*). I agree to purchase at least three monthly Selections—or Alternates—during the first year I am a member. Members' prices for these books average 20% less than retail prices. I have the right to cancel my membership any time after buying these three books. If I continue after the trial, I am to receive a Book-Dividend Certificate with every Selection—or Alternate—I buy under the system described at left. (A small charge is added to all book shipments to cover postage and mailing expense.) **PLEASE NOTE:** Occasionally the Club will offer two or more books together at *a special combined price*. Such purchases are counted as a single book in fulfilling the membership obligation.

INDICATE BY NUMBER(S) IN BOX THE SET OR SETS YOU WANT

MR.
MRS.
MISS } .....
(Please print plainly)

Address.....

City.....*Zone*....*State*..... **5-66**

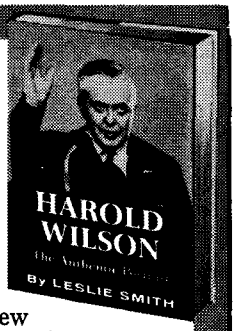
The trademarks BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB *and* BOOK-DIVIDEND *are registered by Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., in the U.S. Patent Office and in Canada.*

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FRESCOBALDI
Italy's Proudest Chianti

Sole U. S. Distributors: Fontana Hollywood Corp., N. Y. C.

Statesman —or ruthless politician?



England's new Prime Minister is perhaps the most enigmatic political leader of this century. Ever since 1951 he has been surrounded by controversy. The picture this biography presents is wholly different from any yet painted. It is the only authoritative account of Wilson's background and career to date.
$4.95

HAROLD WILSON
The Authentic Portrait
by Leslie Smith
at all bookstores
SCRIBNERS

THE REPORTER
THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

MAX ASCOLI, *Editor and Publisher*

Executive Editor, Philip Horton *Managing Editor*, Donald A. Allan
Senior Editor, Gouverneur Paulding *Washington Editor*, Meg Greenfield
Art Director, Reg Massie
Copy Editor, Robert S. Gallagher
Writers: Claire Sterling, Edmond Taylor, George Bailey, Barbara Carter
Staff: Elizabeth Parsons (*Asst. to the Editor*), Louisa Messolonghites (*Asst. to Mng. Ed.*), Ruth Ames (*Librarian*), John A. Anderson, Jr., Lee Culpepper, Virginia Held, Nora Magid, Elizabeth N. Layne

General Manager, John J. Borghi
Circulation Manager, George Hinckley *Director of Advertising*, E. Laurence White, Jr.
Director of Promotion, Shirley Katzander *Production Manager*, Rudolph Ford
Controller, Anthony E. Lanza *Asst. Circ. Mgr.*, Natalie Schwalb
Published by The Reporter Magazine Company, Nathan W. Levin, President

VOLUME 32, NO. 3 **FEBRUARY 11, 1965**

THE REPORTER'S NOTES 10

DEATH AND THE HERO—AN EDITORIAL . . . . . *Max Ascoli* 20

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE MAILS? . . . . . *Meg Greenfield* 21

At Home & Abroad

REPUBLICANS AFTER THE DEBACLE

1. THE FRUSTRATED MODERATES . . . . . *Paul Duke and Stanley Meisler* 26
2. THE OLD GUARD RETURNS . . . . . *Joseph R. L. Sterne* 28

THE WINDISCHGRAETZ CAPER . . . . . *George Bailey* 30

AYUB'S 'BASIC DEMOCRACY' . . . . . *Rawle Knox* 34

JOHN J. WILLIAMS, WATCHDOG OF THE SENATE . . . . . *Laurence Stern* 37

PARKS AND POLITICS IN LOS ANGELES . . . . . *Fawn M. Brodie* 39

Views & Reviews

SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES . . . . . *Lois Phillips Hudson* 42

LATEINER'S BEETHOVEN . . . . . *John M. Conly* 46

TELESCOPE (DRAWING) . . . . . *Fernando Krahn* 49

DAMNED WITH LOUD PRAISE . . . . . *Erik Wensberg* 50

B.

AN ARISTOCRAT OF THE TWENTIES . . . . . *Robert Sklar* 51

PRIZE PACKAGE . . . . . *Hans Koningsberger* 54

AT THE FEET OF KLEE . . . . . *Hilton Kramer* 56

THE REPORTER PUZZLE 57

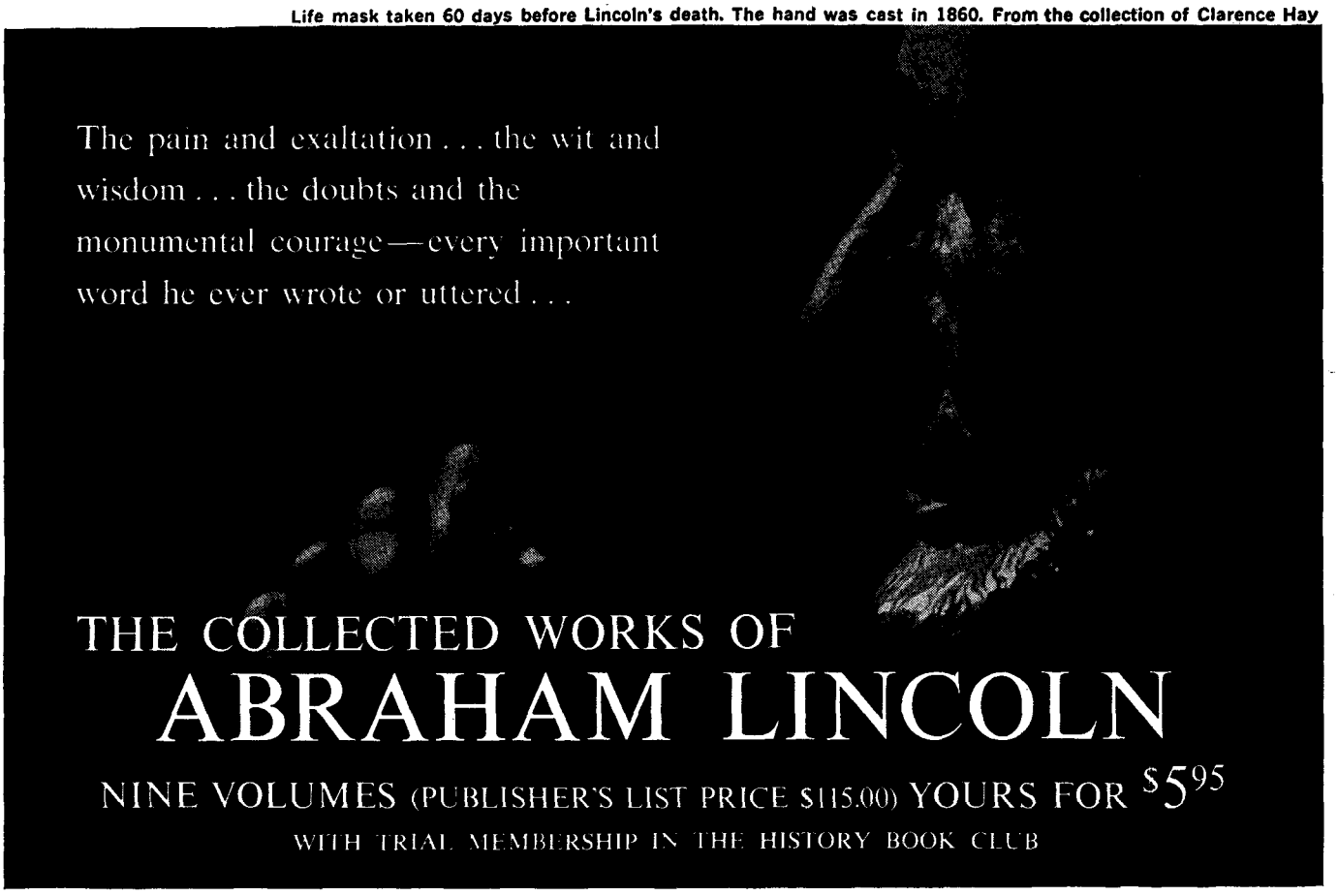
THE REPORTER, February 11, 1965, Volume 32, No. 3. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York, and at Dayton, Ohio. Published every other Thursday except for omission of two summer issues by The Reporter Magazine Company, 660 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10021. © 1965 by The Reporter Magazine Company. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Subscription prices, United States and U. S. Possessions: One year $7, Two years $11, Three years $14. Additional postage for Canada and Pan-American Union, $.50 per year; all other countries, $1.00 per year. Please give four weeks' notice when changing address, giving old and new address. **Send notice of undelivered copies on Form 3579 to: The Reporter, McCall St., Dayton, Ohio 45401.** Indexed in *Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature* and *Public Affairs Information Service.*

Manuscripts or artwork submitted to The Reporter should be accompanied by addressed envelope and return postage. The publisher assumes no responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts or artwork.

Editorial and Business Office: 660 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10021; Phone: TEmpleton 2-8800. Washington Office: 1750 Pennsylvania Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006; Phone: (202) 298-8186.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Life mask taken 60 days before Lincoln's death. The hand was cast in 1860. From the collection of Clarence Hay


The pain and exaltation . . . the wit and wisdom . . . the doubts and the monumental courage—every important word he ever wrote or uttered . . .
THE COLLECTED WORKS OF
ABRAHAM LINCOLN
NINE VOLUMES (PUBLISHER'S LIST PRICE $115.00) YOURS FOR $5.95
WITH TRIAL MEMBERSHIP IN THE HISTORY BOOK CLUB

ONLY OFFERING THIS YEAR—in observance of LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

TODAY nearly a century of legend tends to blur our image of Lincoln, the *man*. This human Lincoln—who was not born to greatness but *grew* to it in times as troubled as our own—now speaks to us clearly in *The Collected Works of Abraham Lincoln*.

In these nine volumes—the most complete collection of his writings and utterances ever published—we meet the *real* Lincoln. We witness the drama of his growth in 6,870 private as well as public papers—half of them never printed before. We discover the inner reservoirs of strength that enabled him to transcend the mounting crises of his life.

This extraordinary human testament has been collected, indexed and richly annotated by a team of our foremost Lincoln scholars, headed by Dr. Roy P. Basler of The Library of Congress. The product of 26 years of research, the set carries a Publisher's List Price of $115. But now, in observance of Lincoln's Birthday, we are pleased to offer it at just *5% of its retail value,* with trial membership in The History Book Club.

A service for readers who value their links with the eternal human drama, The History Book Club offers fine permanent editions of the most important and readable works of history and world affairs—at average savings (with bonuses) of 40%, and often more. By joining now, you receive the 9-volume Lincoln set for *$5.95—with* your choice of a first selection from the titles listed below at money-saving Member's Prices. (First price is Publisher's List; **boldface** shows Member's Price.)

494. RUSSIA AT WAR (1941-45), by Alexander Werth. 1125 pp. "Best book in English on the subject." *Wm. L. Shirer.* $10.00/**$7.50**

101. HISTORY OF THE GERMAN GENERAL STAFF, by Walter Goerlitz. Story of the feared war machine, 1657 to 1945. $7.50/**$5.95**

481. THE LONG DEATH, by Ralph K. Andrist. Tragic history of the last days of America's Plains Indians. $8.95/**$6.95**

472. FROM THE SILENT EARTH, by Jos. Alsop. Absorbing re-creation of life in Ancient Greece, 1700-1200 B.C. $7.50/**$6.50**

470. 20th CENTURY CHINA, by O. Edmund Clubb. China's ascent from feudal disarray to fiery Red dictatorship. $7.95/**$5.95**

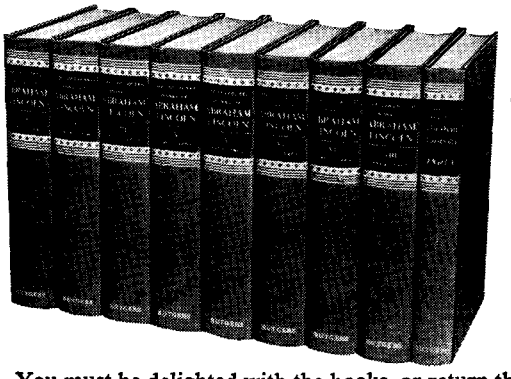
128. HISTORY OF FRANCE, by Andre Maurois. Perigord cave-painters to 5th Republic—a sweeping panorama. $8.50/**$6.95**

371. CIVIL WAR DICTIONARY, by M. M. Boatner III. Over 4000 entries—battles, persons, events, issues, etc. $15.00/**$8.95**

364. NEAR EAST IN HISTORY, by Philip K. Hitti. 5000-year chronicle of the blood-soaked "fertile crescent." $10.00/**$7.95**

110. JOURNALS OF LEWIS & CLARK, ed. by Bernard DeVoto. First expedition to penetrate the virgin Northwest. $6.50/**$4.95**

499. PORTRAIT OF A DECADE, by Anthony Lewis & The N.Y. Times. 1954 to date—the civil rights upheaval in the U.S. $6.95/**$5.95**



- **9 volumes**
- **4924 pages**
- **6870 documents**
- **43 Lincoln photographs, engravings and manuscript facsimiles**

You must be delighted with the books, or return them within ten days and owe nothing. That automatically cancels your membership. If, however, you remain, all benefits of membership are yours—savings, bonuses, wide choice of books, minimal obligation. But remember—this special $5.95 offer of the *Collected Lincoln* will not be repeated for *at least a year.* Mail the coupon today.

THE HISTORY BOOK CLUB, Stamford, Conn. RR-69-L

Please open my Trial Membership and send my 9-volume *Collected Works of Abraham Lincoln,* along with the first selection indicated below. Bill my *Lincoln* at just $5.95 and my selection at the money-saving Member's Price, plus postage and handling. If not delighted, I may return the books within 10 days and owe nothing, thus canceling my Trial Membership. Otherwise, to complete my Trial Membership, I agree to purchase 4 more books at the money-saving Member's Price during the next 12 months, from the 100 or more that are always available to me. (All selections are described in your monthly *Review,* and a convenient form is always provided with which I may order or reject selections.) I will receive a valuable Bonus Book of my choice with every 4th selection I take after completing Trial Membership.

SELECTION Name_____
(fill in number)

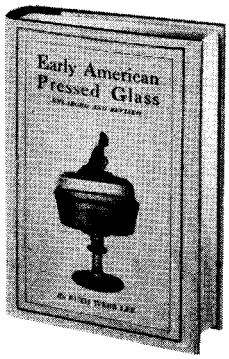
Address _____

City_____ **State**_____ **Zip Code**_____

In Canada, same savings. Books shipped from Toronto duty free. Bonus plan differs slightly. Mail to 2847 Danforth Ave., Toronto 13, Ont.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW TO BECOME AN EXPERT GLASS COLLECTOR



Revised and Enlarged

Early American Pressed Glass

by RUTH WEBB LEE

The most widely accepted book in the field by collectors, librarians and dealers everywhere, often called "The Glass Collector's Bible". It illustrates, classifies and enumerates historical details of the nearly 300 earliest patterns of pressed tableware collectible in sets. Contains 666 pages, 192 plates picturing thousands of forms in old glass designs.

$10 postpaid – No C.O.D.'s please

LEE PUBLICATIONS, Dept. 12, **Wellesley Hills, Mass. 02181**

Send for free catalog of other fine antique glass books.

A PROGRAM FOR THE "EDUCATED"...

on vital issues of today

offered to you by

The INTERNATIONAL STUDY AND RESEARCH INSTITUTE, Inc.

with

ROBERT J. ALEXANDER
ALISTAIR COOKE
ARNO HUTH
HANS KOHN
NORMAN D. PALMER
JOHN G. STOESSINGER

and other well-known scholars, economists, ranking diplomats, and business leaders.

For free catalog and registration information write to:

DR. ARNO HUTH, EXEC. DIRECTOR
INTERNATIONAL STUDY AND RESEARCH INSTITUTE,
41 CENTRAL PARK WEST,
NEW YORK, N. Y. 10023 (TR 7-8628)

WHO– WHAT– WHY–

OUR COVER depicts the tower of Parliament against a somber London sky. The scene is symbolically dark, for a light that once was great now has gone forever—the flame of Winston Churchill's genius. On such an occasion only the greatness of a man is pointed out, not his human shortcomings. Among the aspects of Churchill's greatness not likely to be equaled in the future is the fact that he was one of the very few statesmen who wrote his own speeches. In his editorial, **Max Ascoli** pays tribute to this authentic hero.

Like the state of the weather, the state of postal service in this country is the subject of everybody's complaints, but no one has been able to do much about it, not even the men of different backgrounds who have been called Postmasters General by successive Presidents. **Meg Greenfield** analyzes the extremely complex reasons that make attempts to reform this department so difficult. But after all, the time has come for taking politics out of the post office. And we now have the good fortune to have as President a man who knows the trade of politics better than anyone else.

DESPITE the crushing defeat of Barry Goldwater in November, conservatism is still in control of the Republican Party. In the House of Representatives, the band of G.O.P. progressives and moderates grouped in the Wednesday Club have been frustrated in their efforts to play a more determinative role in party policy, while the new leadership appears even more conservative than the one it replaced. The plight of the moderates is described by **Paul Duke,** who is on the staff of NBC in Washington, and **Stanley Meisler,** a free-lance writer. . . . Where the ultraconservatives have had to give ground is in control of the party machinery. **Joseph R. L. Sterne,** a Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, reports on the exit of the Goldwaterite team and the return to power of the Midwestern Taftite conservatives. But where the pure Goldwaterites will be found and how they will organize themselves remains to be seen. . . . **George Bailey,** writing from Vienna, goes back forty years to a milieu straight out of opéra bouffe, to tell the story of a fantastic attempt to launch the largest government-sponsored counterfeiting operation in history. . . . **Rawle Knox** reports on Mohammed Ayub Khan's election to the presidency of Pakistan, and finds Ayub the West's best bet there. Mr. Knox recently traveled in both East and West Pakistan from his base in New Delhi, where he represents the London *Daily Telegraph* and *Morning Post*. . . . **Laurence Stern,** who covers Congress for the Washington *Post*, finds Senator John J. Williams of Delaware one conservative whose principles are reputedly never compromised by expediency. . . . **Fawn M. Brodie,** a free-lance writer living in California, reports on the proposal to create parks in Los Angeles' Santa Monica Mountains.

A NATIVE of North Dakota, **Lois Phillips Hudson** now lives in Boulder, Colorado. She is the author of *Bones of Plenty*, a novel which was both a selection of the Literary Guild and winner of the Friends of American Writers Prize. Her second book, *Reapers of the Dust: A Prairie Chronicle*, also issued by the Atlantic Monthly Press, is available this month. Parts of it appeared in *The Reporter*.

Formerly an editor of *High Fidelity*, **John M. Conly** is now a free-lance writer and a regular contributor to these pages. . . . In his fortnightly examination of man and the universe, our Chilean observer, **Fernando Krahn,** envisions a frightening episode in the exploration of space. . . . **Erik Wensberg** was at one time editor of the *Columbia Forum*. He is at present on the staff of the New York *Times*. . . . **Robert Sklar** teaches American history and literature at Harvard. . . . Three of **Hans Konings-berger's** novels, *An American Romance*, *I Know What I'm Doing*, and *A Walk With Love and Death*, were published by Simon and Schuster. . . . **Hilton Kramer** edited *Perspectives of the Arts* (Horizon Press).

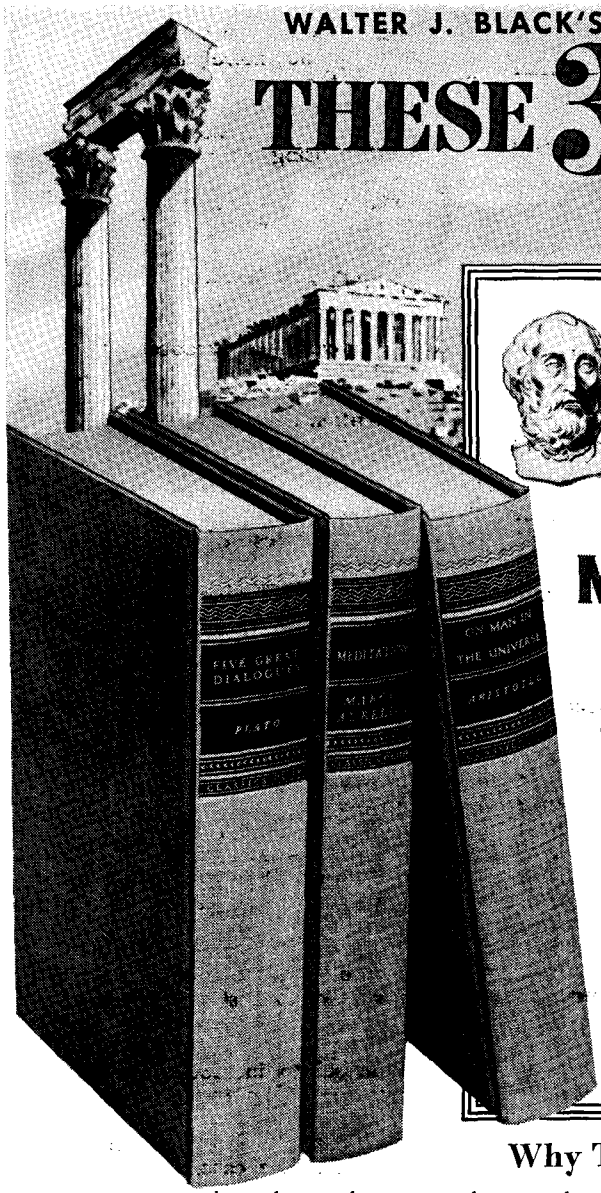
Our London cover is by **Gregorio Prestopino.**

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WALTER J. BLACK'S CLASSICS CLUB INVITES YOU TO ACCEPT

THESE 3 *beautifully bound classics*

FOR ONLY $1.00 [REGULAR PRICE $10.17] AS A NEW MEMBER



PLATO FIVE GREAT DIALOGUES

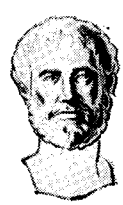
NOTHING short of amazing is the way this great classic (written more than two thousand years ago) hits so many nails squarely on the head today! Here, in the clearest reasoning in all literature, is the pure essence of how to get the best out of life — whether we possess worldly wealth or only the riches in our hearts and minds.

This beautiful edition contains the five great dialogues. In these conversations between friends — fresh, spontaneous, humorous, informal — you have "philosophy brought down from heaven to earth."

MARCUS AURELIUS MEDITATIONS

THROUGH these writings, you gaze as if through a powerful telescope at the Rome of eighteen centuries ago. You will be struck by resemblances to our own era as you read the wise Meditations of the great emperor-philosopher, Marcus Aurelius, the Stoic who found peace in traditional customs . . . the witty arguments of Lucian, the Skeptic . . . the impassioned words of Justin, the Christian, willing to die for the new religion.

ARISTOTLE ON MAN IN THE UNIVERSE



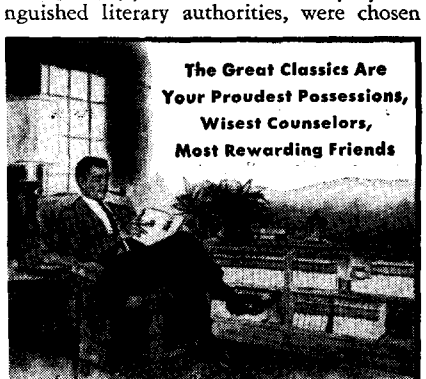
"THE master of them that know," this supreme mind of the fabulous Golden Age of Greece was called by the poet Dante. He was so far ahead of his era that his ideas are astonishingly timely today. Nature, politics, art, drama, logic, morals — he explored them all, with a mind open to truth and a heart eager for understanding.

Included is the essence of his five celebrated essays. You will be amazed, as you read them, how Aristotle discovered by pure reason so many truths upon which modern thinkers have only recently agreed.

Why The Classics Club Offers You This Superb Value

WILL YOU ADD these three volumes to your library — as an introductory offer made only to new members of The Classics Club? You are invited to join today . . . and to receive on approval beautiful editions of the world's greatest masterpieces.

These books, selected unanimously by distinguished literary authorities, were chosen because they offer the greatest enjoyment and value to the "pressed for time" men and women of today.



THE HALLMARK of a cultured home has always been its library of books. Books fill gaps in formal education . . . set a person apart as one who has sought and tasted the wisdom of the ages.

For filling leisure hours with sheer enjoyment, nothing can surpass a classic. No one need ever be friendless or dull if he or she chooses for companions the wisest, wittiest, most stimulating minds that ever lived.

Why Are Great Books Called "Classics"?

A true "classic" is a living book that will never grow old. For sheer fascination it can rival the most thrilling modern novel. Have you ever wondered how the truly great books have *become* "classics"? First, because they are so readable. They would not have lived unless they were read; they would not have been read unless they were interesting. To be interesting they had to be easy to understand. And those are the very qualities which characterize these selections: *readability, interest, simplicity.*

Only Book Club of Its Kind

The Classics Club is different from all other book clubs. 1. It distributes to its members the world's classics at a low price. 2. Its members are not obligated to take any specific number of books. 3. Its volumes are luxurious De Luxe Editions — bound in the fine buckram ordinarily used for $7 and $10 bindings. They have tinted page tops; are richly stamped in genuine gold which will retain its original lustre — books you and your children will read and cherish for years.

A Trial Membership Invitation to You

You are invited to accept a Trial Membership. With your first books will be sent an advance notice about future selections. You may reject any book you do not wish. You need not take any specific number of books — only the ones you want. No money in advance, no membership fees. You may cancel membership at any time.

Mail this Invitation Form now. Today's low introductory price for these THREE beautiful volumes cannot be assured indefinitely, so please respond promptly. THE CLASSICS CLUB, Roslyn, L. I., New York 11576.

THE CLASSICS CLUB FH
Roslyn, L. I., New York 11576

Please enroll me as a Trial Member, and send me at once the THREE beautiful Classics Club editions of PLATO, ARISTOTLE *and* MARCUS AURELIUS. I enclose NO MONEY IN ADVANCE; within one week after receiving my books, I will either return them and owe nothing, or keep them for the special new-member introductory price of ONLY $1.00 (plus a few cents mailing charges) for ALL THREE superb volumes.

As a member, I am to receive advance descriptions of all future selections, but am not obligated to buy any. For each future volume I decide to keep, I will send you only $3.39 (plus a few cents mailing charges). I may reject any volume before or after I receive it, and I may cancel my membership at any time. *(Books shipped in U.S.A. only.)*

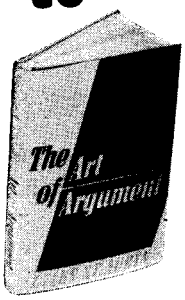
Name.....
(Please Print Plainly)

Address.....

City.....State.....Zone...

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How to ARGUE and WIN!



Did you ever come out second best in a discussion . . . see your proposal voted down . . . lose a raise or sale . . . **when all the facts were on your side?**

Don't ever let it happen again!

In his new book, THE ART OF ARGUMENT, Giles St. Aubyn shows you how to nail your opponents' appeals to prejudice and emotion for what they are. You learn how to think clearly . . . arrange your thoughts **logically** . . . present **convincingly**, whether verbally or in writing, formally or informally.

Infinitely more useful for most people than a post-graduate course in logic, St. Aubyn's approach is excitingly easy to master. It is based on situations which arise almost daily in family and business life, in conferences and meetings at church, lodge and PTA groups.

Once you learn to spot "special pleadings" and "emotive terms" in the argument of your adversary, there are very simple ways to overcome them with irrefutable reason.

Learn, too, how to separate facts from empty words in political platforms, newspaper stories, advertisements. How to judge **impartially** the pros and cons of tax reduction, racial equality, cigarette smoking, Medicare. And see how this mastery of logic benefits you in every phase of life!

TRY THIS VITAL NEW APPROACH TO SUCCESS—AT OUR RISK!

Read **The Art of Argument** and put its commonsense principles to use. You must find yourself winning support for your every constructive aim, **or simply return the book after 30 days for immediate refund.** You risk nothing! Mail only $2.95 now to

EMERSON BOOKS, Inc., Dept. 290-P
251 W. 19th St. New York 11, N. Y.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Help your Post Office

to reduce costs and

serve you better

by mailing early

in the day.

Your Postmaster recommends that the new 5-digit zip code number be included immediately after and on the same line as the name of the state . . . both in the return as well as the mailing address of all mail.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

CORRESPONDENCE

RELIGION AND THE FCC

To the Editor: It always gives my tired blood a little lift when I am quoted, but it sure hurt my ulcer to be stuck in with the bad guys in Marcus Cohn's "Religion and the FCC" (*The Reporter*, January 14). Moreover, I think he gives some inaccurate impressions. "The FCC has been doing its best to persuade people to go to church." Really, that kind of opening may be journalistic license as an attention getter, but it's stretching that license to the revocation point.

The illustrations Mr. Cohn uses to convince us that the FCC is unlawfully fostering religion need to be seen in the light of the 1960 policy statement and the regulations of the Commission that preceded it. I believe that most of the instances he cites might also be seen as decisions in favor of the licensee's judgment, as well as broad and representative local service. Whatever "weight" the FCC may seem to have given "religion" in these examples is no greater than any other category of public interest in other illustrations.

Mr. Cohn argues that the existence of the word "religion" in the FCC's forms, as well as the regulations and policy statements behind them, is coercion and as such is in violation of the First Amendment's establishment clause. Can it really be coercion if the entire burden to decide what he will broadcast is on the licensee and not on the FCC? It certainly is *not*, and never has been the *intention* of the Commission.

Nevertheless, there may be a Constitutional issue here. If so, it should be debated in the light of the historic definition of the First Amendment and the more recent interpretation of it.

As I said in my testimony at the FCC hearings last summer, the United Presbyterian Church is not asking for more air time for religion or some kind of built-in protection by the FCC. We much prefer involvement in broadcasting at a deeper level. We are not interested in opening and closing prayers which contribute further to the false notion that faith is something out there on the fringes, unrelated to the mainstream of life. Churches need to become more involved in the deeper dialogue that broadcasters are carrying on in their communities, in order to discover those "tastes, needs and desires." I personally would rather that there were no religious questions in FCC forms. However, I'm sure that they do not violate the First Amendment or Section 326 of the Communications Act. I think "religious view" or those of the churches are as much a part of the total community consensus as those of anyone else. If a licensee makes an effort in good faith to elicit the opinions and views of the people in his service area, they will probably include some clergymen. Those views or attitudes should carry no more and no less weight with the broadcaster than those of educators or volunteer firemen. And this is quite a different matter from merely "dispensing some time for religion."

Personally, I don't think "religion" needs any special protection from the government, let alone special favors from the FCC. The "Church" should be ready to become involved, engaged in the world—all the worlds it faces, including the world of broadcasting. In any case, the community survey now required of broadcasters with the specific mention of "religious" elements, along with many other groupings, is not in my opinion a violation of the "wall of separation." But let's debate it, test it, and find out, and if need be get on with the business of "disestablishment."

CHARLES BRACKBILL, JR.
Associate Chairman for Planning
Division of Radio-Television
United Presbyterian Church, USA
New York

To the Editor: Marcus Cohn states that "the mere existence of the question [about religious programming] on the [FCC] application compels the applicant to commit himself to foster the practice and growth of religion." That is not quite true. It may well be that the question pressures a broadcaster so that information about religion is broadcast. But that does not necessarily mean that he thereby commits himself and his station to fostering religious *practice* and *growth*. Apparently the FCC has defined broadcasting "in the public interest" to include some programming which has to do with religion. As such, religion is deemed to be part of public affairs. I would maintain that that is the case.

It would seem that Mr. Cohn's case is a good one in so far as it questions broadcasting criteria which place disproportionate emphasis on so-called religious programs. His is not a strong case in so far as he would divorce religion from the public interest entirely.

DAVID E. ENGEL
Scotch Plains, New Jersey

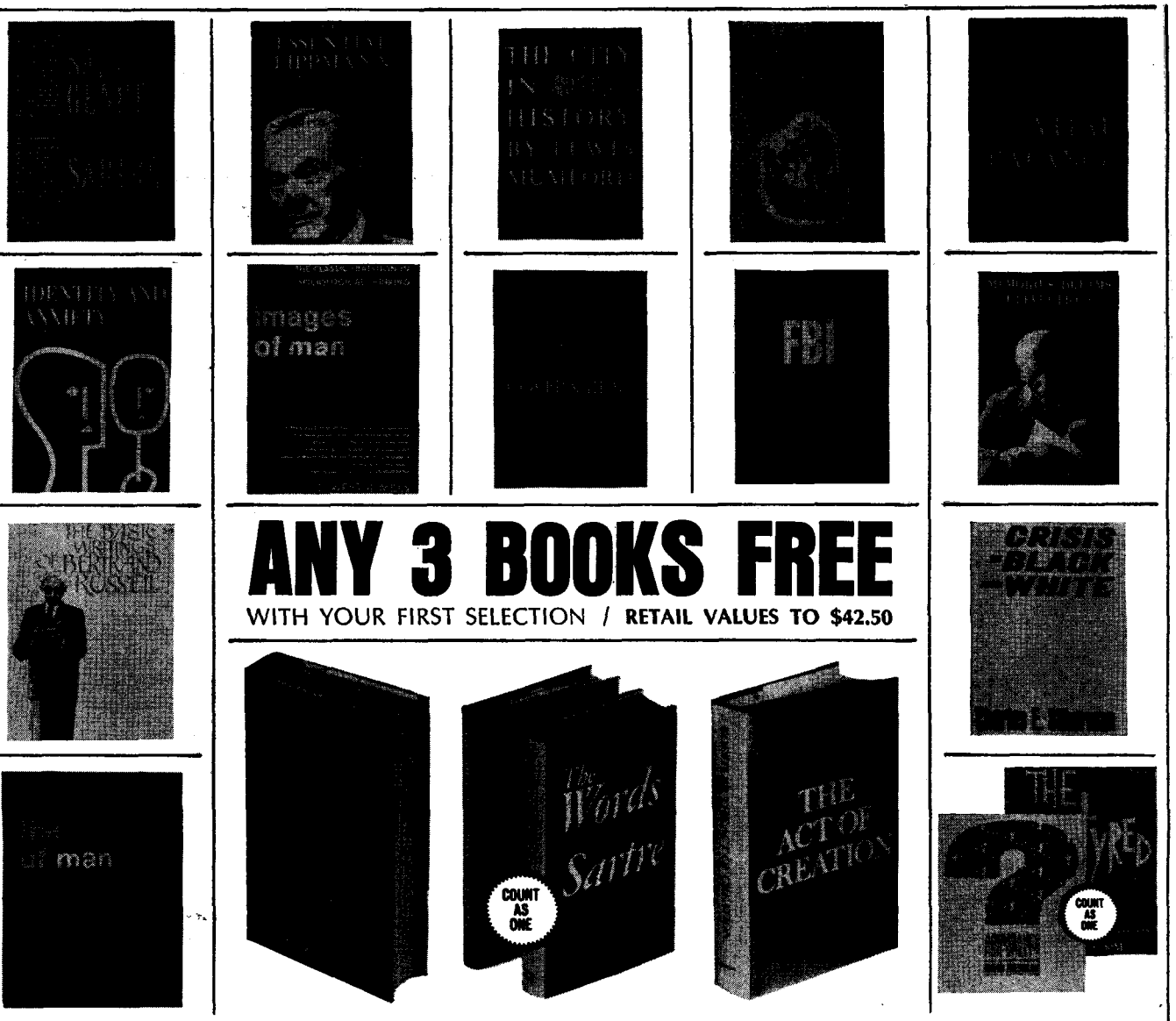
To the Editor: Marcus Cohn expresses a viewpoint that is founded on a study of and deep concern for American Constitutional principles and precedents. His article constitutes a real contribution to the dialogue on this subject and represents a public statement that needed to be made. *The Reporter* has performed a public service in publishing this article.

LEE LOEVINGER, Commissioner
Federal Communications Commission
Washington

IMMIGRATION

To the Editor: "Immigration: Quotas vs. Quality," by Paul Duke and Stanley Meisler (*The Reporter*, January 14),

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ANY 3 BOOKS FREE

WITH YOUR FIRST SELECTION / **RETAIL VALUES TO $42.50**

SELECTIONS MAKE THE DIFFERENCE—For more than 20 years the Book Find Club has offered its members the **best in literature** at substantial savings. Ranging from the social sciences to biography, history, psychology, the arts—Book Find Club selections cover every interest. These are books that last—solid, readable books that have permanent value. As you add them to your library, you will be building a rich, cultural center in your own home. Each month, as a member, you will be offered an important, timely book at average savings of 40% over book store prices. These books are authoritatively reviewed in the **Book Find News** which also keeps you up to date on the hundreds of alternate selections which you can buy at the same, low member's prices. You need choose **only** the books you want (four more during the course of the coming year). Upon completion of this introductory agreement you will be entitled to a free **bonus** book after every third purchase. Why not insure yourself against ever again missing the books you really want to read and own. Start your membership today by choosing any three of the books pictured above **free** with your first selection.

*__The Words__, Jean-Paul Sartre; and __The Heart of Man__, Erich Fromm.
Combined retail price $8.95 ..... Member's price (for both books) $5.95

__The Protestant Establishment:__ *Aristocracy & Caste in America*, E. Digby Baltzell.
Retail $6.95 ..... Member's price $5.50

__The FBI Nobody Knows,__ Fred J. Cook. Retail $5.95 ..... Member's price $4.95

__The Act of Creation,__ Arthur Koestler. Retail $8.95 ..... Member's price $5.95

__Saint Genet:__ *Actor and Martyr*, Jean-Paul Sartre. Retail $8.50. Member's price $5.95

__The Vital Balance:__ *The Life Process in Mental Health and Illness.*
Karl Menninger. Retail $10.00 ..... Member's price $6.95

__Crisis in Black and White,__ Charles E. Silberman.
Retail $5.95 ..... Member's price $4.95

__The Invisible Government,__ David Wise and Thomas B. Ross.
Retail $5.95 ..... Member's price $4.50

*__Abundance for What?__ David Riesman; *and* __The Martyred,__ Richard E. Kim.
Combined retail price $11.00 ..... Member's price (for both books) $6.50

__Pedro Martinez:__ *a Mexican Peasant and his Family*, Oscar Lewis.
Retail $8.75 ..... Member's price $5.95

__The Fate of Man,__ edited by Crane Brinton. Including Plato, Aquinas, Nietzsche, Freud, Toynbee, Kant, Whitehead, Shapley, Huxley, and others.
Retail $7.50 ..... Member's price $4.95

__The City in History,__ Lewis Mumford ..... Retail $11.50. Member's price $6.95

__Memories, Dreams, Reflections,__ C. G. Jung ... Retail $7.50. Member's price $5.95

__The Essential Walter Lippmann:__ *A Political Philosophy for Liberal Democracy.*
Editors: Clinton Rossiter & James Lare .... Retail $7.50. Member's price $5.50

__The Basic Writings of Bertrand Russell__ ..... Retail $10.00. Member's price $5.95

__Identity and Anxiety:__ *Survival of the Person in Mass Society.* A massive compendium of studies by Mead, May, Orwell, Rosenberg, Richards, Gorer, Howe, Jaspers, Mills, and more. ..... Retail $7.50. Member's price, $5.50

__Images of Man:__ *The Classic Tradition in Sociological Thinking*, edited by C. Wright Mills. Retail $7.50 .....Member's price $4.95

***TWO BOOKS COUNTING AS ONE SELECTION**

THE BOOK FIND CLUB, Inc.

215 Park Avenue South, New York, N. Y. 10003

You may enroll and send me the 3 free books of my choice, with my first selection at the special member's price (plus postage and handling). I agree to buy four additional selections or alternates from the wide range of books that will be made available to me in the coming year at substantial savings. When I do not want the current selection—or prefer to order another book—I may do so on the convenient form provided for this purpose. I may cancel my membership at any time after purchasing the four additional books.

First Selection_____

Free Books 1_____

2_____

3_____

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss .....
Please print full name

Address .....

City ..... State ..... Zip Code B65-2R

(Same offer & prices apply in Canada: 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Ont.)

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's a pity people aren't more discerning about liqueurs, for there is an ocean of difference between them. Consider what it takes to make a truly superb Blackberry Liqueur.

The thing to judge in Blackberry Liqueur is the fruit. Where it was grown. When it was plucked. How soon it was processed. Nowhere else do blackberries grow as ripe and tender as in Dijon, France. They are ripest and most fragrant in late August. And it is then that they must be plucked and immediately processed to preserve their true flavor.

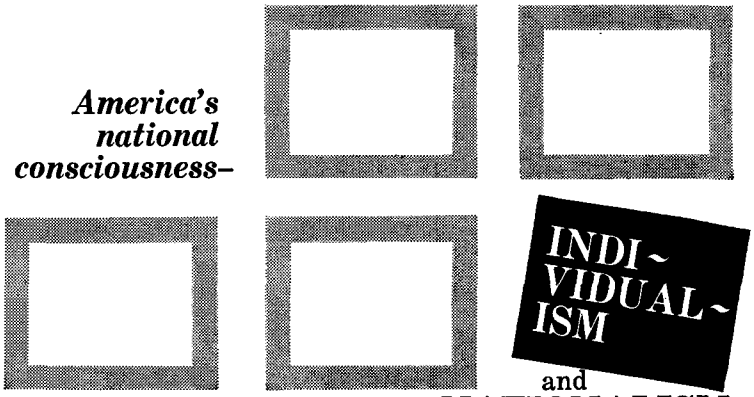
Berries, black and juicy, are not the only ingredient vital to a superb Blackberry Liqueur. Look also for infusions of natural Black Currant and Raspberry. Finally, make certain the liqueur is sealed in the bottle by the producer. For this is one sure way to lock in flavor and delicacy. One liqueur producer still takes such pains with Blackberry Liqueur—and 18 other delicious flavors, all made and bottled in France.

"Yes, I Know... Marie Brizard"

Sole U. S. Distributors
Schieffelin & Co., New York

Apricot Liqueur • 70 Proof

America's national consciousness–



and

NATIONALISM IN AMERICAN IDEOLOGY

By Yehoshua Arieli

How did the New World come to consider itself a new nation? What factors entered into the sense of national identification Americans felt just after the birth of the republic? Where did their ideas come from? How were they changed by the unique American experience? These questions – put within a systematic framework – provide a completely new interpretation of Jeffersonian democracy and the form and dynamics of American nationalism up to our own day. *Center for the Study of the History of Liberty in America.* $9.95

Ask your bookseller

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138

was a timely account of an issue that for too many years has been ignored by Congress and overlooked by the general public. This is surprising when one considers that the United States is a nation of immigrants and that at every session of Congress, private immigration bills account for almost half of all legislation.

In addition, it is a paradox that Americans have allowed a discriminatory immigration selection system when churches, organizations, and individuals have sponsored refugees and spent untold hours assisting them to obtain a new start in the United States. Over two-thirds of these refugees were born in Eastern and Southern Europe and in Asia—areas receiving only eighteen per cent of our quota numbers under the National Origins Quota System. Thanks to the willingness of Americans throughout the country, the overwhelming majority of these refugees have made a quick and a successful adjustment. This would seem to indicate that Americans are not afraid of newcomers, and that they will welcome them without regard to birth or ancestry.

RICHARD F. SMITH
Director, U.S. Refugee Program
American Friends Service Committee
Philadelphia

STONE AGE RUNAROUND

To the Editor: Albert C. Schmidt's "The Romanesque Runaround" (*The Reporter*, January 14) was both informative and amusing. I lived for two years in the south of France and had occasion to visit a number of the places Mr. Schmidt mentioned.

His discussion of "keymanship" in the south of France brought an experience to mind. I decided to visit the famous Neolithic paintings at Lascaux Cave. So, leaving Bordeaux early one day I arrived at the cave site outside of Montignac at noontime. As anyone who has spent time in France remembers, at noontime the world stops and the French have lunch. Returning to the cave site at two o'clock, tickets were purchased and a guide (I believe one of the discoverers of the cave) led me and a group of about twenty down the road to the steel door that seals the cave entrance and protects the fragile wall paintings from the elements. As we arrived at the cave our guide frantically groped at his pockets. Then he crawled along the ground muttering incoherent French under his breath. He then leaped to his feet and raced to the ticket booth. When he reached the booth he began to tear the place apart. Yes, he had lost the key to the cave.

Eventually the key was recovered. The morning guide had taken it with him when he fled the area for lunch and the day. Two hours and a long automobile ride later the key was returned and the Stone Age was again opened to the twentieth century.

BURTON L. SEKULER
New York City

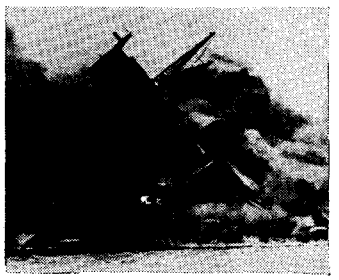
PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BLITZKRIEG! The event that changed all our lives, revealed with a clarity impossible at the time!

Under wily Rommel, the "desert fox," the Germans blitzed their way across a continent. A watching world trembled as the Allies reeled . . .

Nazi Blitzkrieg had made Europe a captive fortress until D-Day. Many Allies were not as lucky as the LCVP survivors off Omaha Beach.

The inventors of "Blitzkrieg" got a taste of their own medicine when the Allies took *their* brand of "lightning-war" into the heartland of Germany.



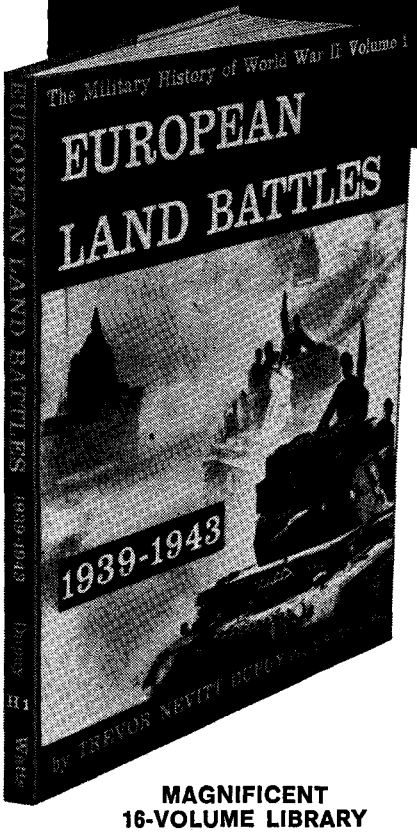
Meanwhile, across the globe, the Japanese launched a Blitzkrieg of their own—with the "day of infamy" attack on Pearl Harbor.

May We Send You FREE

This Thrilling First Volume of the New 16-Volume

MILITARY HISTORY OF WORLD WAR II

They called it the "phony war." Then "sitzkrieg" turned into "blitzkrieg" as Hitler's armored divisions raced with lightning speed through country after country! Here is the whole breathless story—over 12,000 words, 47 photographs and 10 battle maps. This is the way it really was!



MAGNIFICENT 16-VOLUME LIBRARY

"Blitzkrieg—Lightning-War," they called it. And like lightning, World War II burst upon an astonished, virtually defenseless world, leaving nation after nation prostrate, turning city after city into rubble, and leaving in its wake a tangled web of events for some future historical work to resolve.

The monumental new MILITARY HISTORY OF WORLD WAR II *is* that work.

Written with access to newly-opened archives of victor and vanquished, enriched by dozens of specially-created maps and hundreds of gripping photos (many published for the first time), THE MILITARY HISTORY OF WORLD WAR II reveals at last the global conflict—as heretofore known only by *Supreme Commanders and heads of state!*

So deep was World War II's imprint on those who survived it, so violent the passions it arouses even today, only a gifted writer-historian like Col. Trevor Nevitt Dupuy (U. S. Army, ret.) could tackle the subject with balance and detachment.

In this fascinating new 16-volume home library—now available on an easy book-a-month plan—Col. Dupuy makes you an eyewitness to the mapping of invasions and deployment of troops by Allied and Axis strategists. He puts you in battle-front command dugouts and in guerrilla nests, in submarines and Flying Fortresses. He discloses information held "Top Secret" almost 20 years.

You learn how Gen. Mark W. Clark escaped capture by Nazi agents while on a cloak-and-dagger mission—by swimming to a submarine. *Had Clark been taken, Allied invasion plans might have been foiled!*

You discover why Hitler stopped short of occupying all of France. *Had he driven on, he might have seized North Africa without a shot!*

You view the shocking picture of our losses in the "island-hopping" Pacific War . . . *and the factors behind our decision to drop the first atom bomb on an already doomed Japan!*

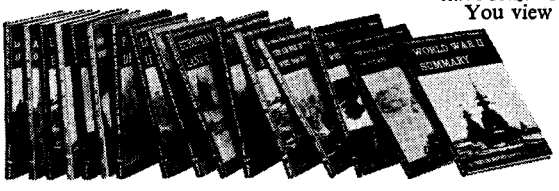
Here is no conventional military history of mere dates, names, and statistics. Pick up any volume and you plunge into a suspenseful drama that will hold even the youngest readers spellbound. You find so faithful a reconstruction of events that as you read you catch *yourself saying: "Yes! This is just the way it was!"*

Volume One—Your FREE Introduction

Judge for yourself the value of this new continuing reading adventure by accepting Volume One of THE MILITARY HISTORY OF WORLD WAR II—"European Land Battles, 1939-1943," ABSOLUTELY FREE! Then each month, you will receive a new book until your 16-volume home library of THE MILITARY HISTORY OF WORLD WAR II is complete—each volume always at the special low Charter Subscriber's price of $1.95 plus a small mailing charge, instead of the publisher's catalog price of $2.50.

As a Charter Subscriber you are not obligated to take any minimum number of volumes—take as many or as few as you like, and cancel membership whenever you like. In any case Volume One, "European Land Battles, 1939-1943," will be yours to keep as our gift.

But act now. First Edition sets of THE MILITARY HISTORY OF WORLD WAR II are limited. It will be many months before we go back to press. To insure getting *your* family's set of this permanent literary heirloom, fill out the Charter Subscriber's Reservation Form and mail it today to: GROLIER ENTERPRISES INC., 845 Third Ave., New York, New York 10022.



Col. Dupuy's MILITARY HISTORY takes the staggering body of World War II data and breaks it down by subject. Each of his 16 fascinating volumes deals with a self-contained unit of the War . . . reads as swiftly and suspensefully as a thriller. *Here at last is history come alive for every member of the family!*

1. EUROPEAN LAND BATTLES, 1939-1943
2. EUROPEAN LAND BATTLES, 1944-1945
3. LAND BATTLES: NORTH AFRICA, SICILY, ITALY
4. THE NAVAL WAR IN THE WEST: THE RAIDERS
5. THE NAVAL WAR IN THE WEST: THE WOLF PACKS
6. THE AIR WAR IN THE WEST: SEPTEMBER 1939—MAY 1941
7. THE AIR WAR IN THE WEST: JUNE 1941—APRIL 1945
8. ASIATIC LAND BATTLES: EXPANSION OF JAPAN IN ASIA
9. ASIATIC LAND BATTLES: JAPANESE AMBITIONS IN THE PACIFIC
10. ASIATIC LAND BATTLES: ALLIED VICTORIES IN CHINA AND BURMA
11. THE NAVAL WAR WITH JAPAN: RISING SUN OF NIPPON
12. THE NAVAL WAR WITH JAPAN: ON TO TOKYO
13. THE AIR WAR WITH JAPAN: AIR POWER LEADS THE WAY
14. THE AIR WAR WITH JAPAN: VICTORY IN THE AIR
15. THE RESISTANCE
16. WORLD WAR II SUMMARY

ABOUT THE AUTHOR
Trevor Nevitt Dupuy

Scholar, researcher, military analyst, eminent historian, Col. Dupuy's bestselling MILITARY HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR LAND BATTLES and MILITARY HISTORY OF CIVIL WAR NAVAL ACTIONS have been praised by historians, book reviewers and grateful readers.

SEND NO MONEY · MAIL CHARTER SUBSCRIBER'S FORM TODAY!

GROLIER ENTERPRISES INC., Dept. SN
845 Third Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022

Please send me "European Land Battles, 1939-1943," Volume One of THE MILITARY HISTORY OF WORLD WAR II, to keep without cost or obligation. I understand that each month you will send a new book of the 16-volume MILITARY HISTORY home library, which I may keep for the Charter Subscriber's special price of only $1.95 (plus a small mailing charge) instead of the publisher's catalog price of $2.50, or return to you in 7 days at your expense and owe nothing. I may cancel at any time, and you will send no more volumes after receiving my cancellation.

NAME _____ *(Please print)*

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

SIGNATURE *(If under 21, have parent or guardian sign)* _____ PHONE _____

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE REPORTER'S NOTES

How Many Cheeks?

We were astonished recently to read in the New York *Times* a story that had the flavor of being officially inspired, and that seemed to suggest that the number of attacks on United States Information Agency centers abroad—forty in eleven years—is one way to measure our importance as a world power. Has turning the other cheek become national policy? How many cheeks do we have to offer?

Congress, at least, seems to have a different outlook. In what was described as a blow to the President's foreign policy, it voted to ban the shipment of $37 million worth of wheat and other surplus commodities to the United Arab Republic. The action seemed eminently understandable, but Dean Rusk and apparently the President were quite alarmed. The Secretary argued that Congressional intervention would tie the President's hands in foreign affairs. He warned that President Nasser might retaliate by delaying our shipping in the Suez Canal.

We have supplied a billion dollars of economic and technical assistance to the Egyptians since the end of the Second World War, nearly three-fourths of it in food surpluses. This is the program Nasser described as "wheat, meat, and leftovers." With the money saved, the Egyptians have been able to buy arms, of which they now have a surplus of their own to send to the rebels in the Congo. Our protests elicited Nasser's invitation for us to "drink sea water." It is evident that in the opinion of the State Department he didn't really mean it, and that Congress has been all wrong in taking him literally.

The principle that programs such as the surplus-food shipments are tools of diplomacy and should be left to the administration is basically sound. But it is hard to see how the most enthusiastic administration spokesman can justify the food program for an increasing number of countries. In fact, some of the major recipients of our assistance have been insulting us with impunity and showing themselves to be incorrigible troublemakers—men like Nasser and Sukarno, to mention only two. In the case of Nasser, a point was reached when Congress, reflecting a feeling shared by large sections of opinion, said "enough is enough."

A man who has rendered great service to the administration and for whom we have a high regard is Senator Clinton P. Anderson of New Mexico. After listening to Dean Rusk's plea that the Senate reverse the House rebuke to the U.A.R., Anderson said that he was sorry but that he remained unconvinced. "I rather like what the House did," he said. So do we.

Is Nothing Sacred?

For a variety of reasons, one of them being simple consideration for our readers' sanity, we long ago tuned out on that most depressing soap opera which we have tentatively titled "Joe's Other Life," and which concerns the improbable doings of Joseph McDowell Mitchell, former city manager of Newburgh, New York. When we last saw Mr. Mitchell, a boatload of Young Americans for Freedom had just sailed up the Hudson to do him honor for conceiving a welfare-cutback plan which he was in the process of not enforcing while riding around Newburgh in a police car as a result of what he took to be a threat against his life. Throughout this eventful period, Mitchell was accompanied by a bodyguard of somewhat dubious value, since he carried a gun permit but no gun.

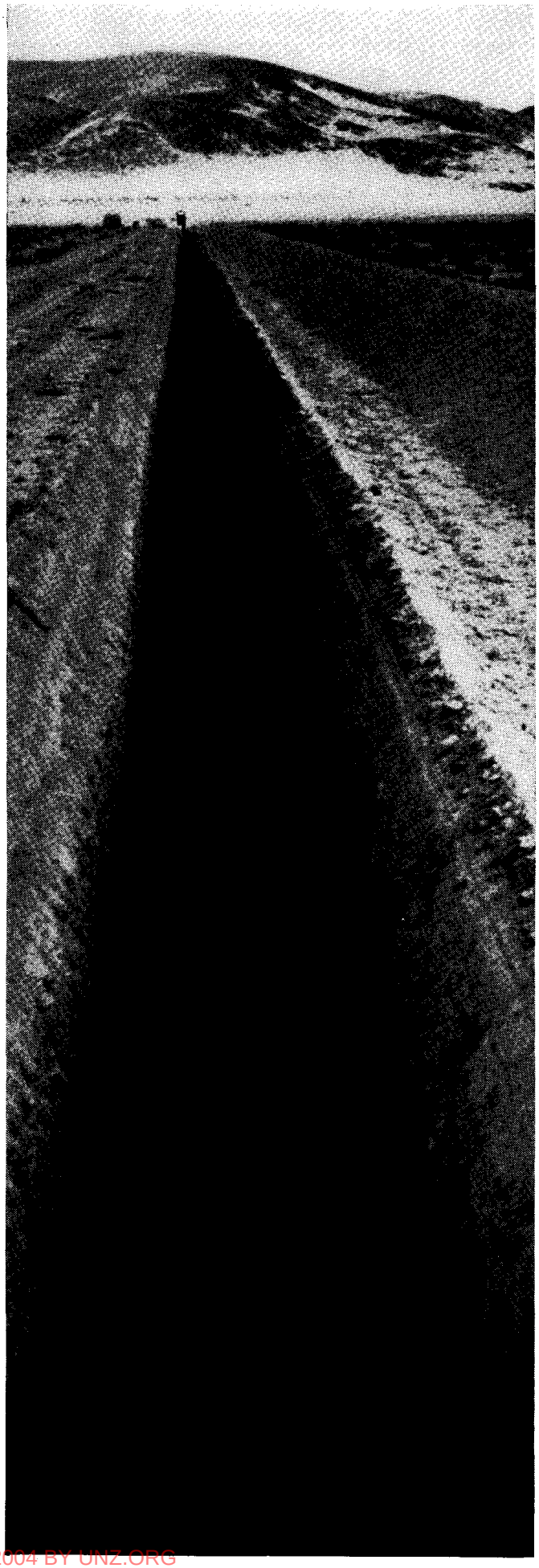
Well, a lot has happened since then. There was the bribery trial and acquittal, the parting from the Newburgh job, and the expulsion from the International City Managers' Association. There was a brief whoop-dee-doo when it was announced that Mitchell was taking a paid position with the John Birch Society. And finally—or almost finally—there was the revelation that he had packed in the Birchers for the Citizens Councils of America, in whose behalf he was to become field director, concentrating on the Washington-Maryland-Virginia area. "My work is organization," Mitchell told a local interviewer when he took the post last year, and, although he conceded that the Maryland picture left something to be desired, he expressed a hope of changing all that. There was a single small group operating in Hyattsville under a man named Ed Partlow, he explained, adding, "We would probably assist him in expanding."

And so he did: In no time at all the area, just east of Washington, sprouted a county-wide Citizens Council boasting twenty members. To say that organizer Mitchell had no way of knowing that eighteen of these were undercover agents of civil-rights groups, would not be quite accurate, since few if any of the infiltrators bothered to take their names off the rolls of their integrationist organizations.

Not only would it have been worth Mitchell's while to look at such lists, but a glance at the Negro press might have been helpful. "Former CORE Leader Infiltrates Pro-White Citizens Council Meet," the Washington *Afro-American* headlined a story last fall. By that time, unknown to the former city manager, the officers of his star unit in Prince Georges County included President Norman Kilpatrick (of the Committee for Racial Justice Now); Vice-President Harold Johnson (a true believer); Treasurer Philip Perkins (of the Congress of Racial

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We dug and refilled a 4000-mile trench to protect 9300 communications circuits against disaster



We split the continent with a trench four feet deep to give the United States its first blast-resistant coast-to-coast underground communications cable system.

More than four years ago when the first of 2500 giant reels of coaxial cable started unrolling in New York State, we began an important project that will give added protection to the nation's vital communications.

Today, 9300 circuits—available for voice, data, teletypewriter, telephoto—are included on this route. It stretches across 19 states and has 950 buried reinforced concrete repeater (or amplifying) stations.

Spotted strategically along the route about 50 feet below ground level are 11 manned test centers. Also of reinforced concrete, they have automatic air filtration and ventilation and living quarters stocked with emergency food and water.

This vital transcontinental link will serve the needs of government agencies, businesses and individuals.

This is a job that needed the Bell System's unified research, manufacturing and operating capabilities. It is another implementation of a basic Bell System policy: "In communications, the defense of the nation comes first."

Bell System
American Telephone and Telegraph Co.
and Associated Companies

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Special Report on

9

"SLEEPER STOCKS"

Priced between $5 and $10 a share all nine of these stocks are selling well below the "cash in" value of their net assets. All offer the potentiality for

Extraordinary Capital Gains

These special-nature stocks—starting, of course, from a very modest base—have achieved average gains in operating profits of more than 1000% since 1961. Dynamic *new* gains are expected in the 12 months ahead.

Moreover—because of Government rulings purposely designed to foster the *continued* growth of these pioneer enterprises—a *large* portion of their operating profits are not subject to Federal income taxes.

Incredibly, the stock market at large has not *yet* taken note of the remarkable potentiality of these Special Situation stocks—all recently priced at discounts ranging from 20% to 60% *below* asset value.

For *independent* stock market investors who seek to be ahead of the crowd, the 9 Special Situations analyzed in full in Value Line's new Special Report could bring rewards of extraordinary magnitude.

GUEST REPORT

We will send you Value Line's new Special Report on 9 "Sleeper" Stocks—revealing both the areas of greatest profit potentiality and of greatest risk—as a *special bonus,* under the Guest Subscription offered below.

Under this offer, you will also receive—for ony $5, with *full* money-back guarantee—**(a)** *Value Line's New Summary of Advices on 1,100 Stocks and 60 industries,* **(b)** *List of 85 Best Stocks to Buy & Hold Now,* **(c)** the next *4 Weekly Editions* of the Value Line Survey with *full page* reports on *each of 340 stocks in key industries,* **(d)** *a new Special Situation Recommendation,* **(e)** *Four Reports on Especially Recommended Stocks,* **(f)** *Business and Stock Market Prospects* (weekly), **(g)** *The Value Line Business Forecaster* (weekly), **(h)** *"What the Mutual Funds Are Buying and Selling,"* **(i)** *"What Company Insiders Are Doing in Their Own Stocks"* (weekly), **(j)** *Weekly Supplements,* and **(k)** *Four Weekly Summary Indexes* including all changes in rankings to date of publication.

To take advantage of this Special Offer, fill out and mail coupon below

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *Zone* ..... *State* .....

Send $5 to Dept. R-9V

THE VALUE LINE
INVESTMENT SURVEY
Published by ARNOLD BERNHARD & CO., Inc.
(Founded 1931)
The Value Line Survey Building
5 East 44th Street, New York, N. Y. 10017

Equality); and Secretary Clare Crawford (a plant from the Washington *Daily News*). Last month, in what must be considered a fairly unusual action for such organizations, the Prince Georges County chapter of the council formally voted to merge with CORE.

What had leading a double life been like for all these months? We put the question to President Kilpatrick, who, among other adventures, traveled into the South recently with Mitchell for a high-level council meeting. There he was shown off as a "dynamic" young comer in council affairs. "We all had to learn to smile and just nod our heads all the time," Kilpatrick explained. "We had to learn to laugh at 'nigger jokes.'" They also had to learn not to laugh. There was, for instance, an unforgettable meeting addressed by Mitchell. "I can always spot a phoney," he had informed the group. "There's something about the way they look." The infiltrators all nodded in solemn agreement. "Look at the guy sitting next to you," Kilpatrick heard a speaker intone at the Southern Citizens Council convention. "He may be an FBI agent." Kilpatrick looked suspiciously at Mitchell.

Harold Johnson, the sole "legitimate" official of the unit and one of its two "legitimate" members, said he knew there was something fishy all along. It's just that he suspected the wrong fish. Someone, Johnson felt, had been tipping off civil-rights demonstrators of the unit's plans so that they could turn up to picket and bedevil the chapter's every move. He suspected Partlow, Johnson informed us recently, adding that poor Mr. Partlow who had started the Hyattsville chapter on his own and in, so to speak, good faith, had been frozen out of the council's highest deliberations by Johnson himself and by Mitchell and Kilpatrick. "We owe Partlow an apology," he admitted.

Both he and Mitchell learned of the sad state of their affairs from stories in the Washington press. Kilpatrick explained that he and his group decided to come out into the open when they felt they had gathered enough information about the mysterious activities of the Citizens Council, which is what they had

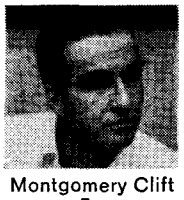
PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now, the magic of the theatre comes to your home.

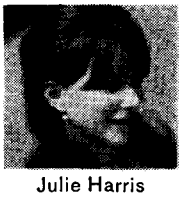
YOU will thrill to the performances of Judith Anderson, Sir Laurence Olivier, Julie Harris, Richard Burton, Claire Bloom, Rex Harrison, Ingrid Bergman, Sir Michael Redgrave, Siobhan McKenna, Montgomery Clift and others—in new recorded productions of the world's most celebrated plays. ◯ You will come to know at first-hand the great works of Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, Marlowe, Shakespeare, Molière, Sheridan, Shaw, Ibsen, Chekhov, O'Casey, Williams, Sartre, Beckett, Ionesco and other masters of the drama, both classical and contemporary.

Start with Tennessee Williams' contemporary classic

THE GLASS MENAGERIE

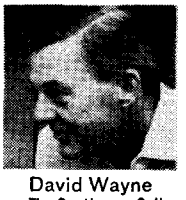


Montgomery Clift
as Tom



Julie Harris
as Laura

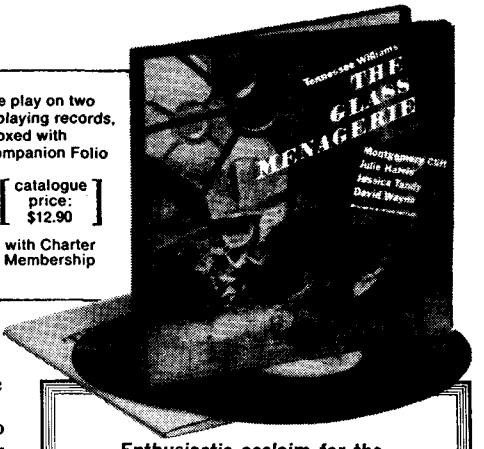
Jessica Tandy
as Amanda



David Wayne
as The Gentleman Caller

The complete play on two 12-inch longplaying records, beautifully boxed with illustrated companion Folio

$1 for only [catalogue price: $12.90] with Charter Membership



YOU ARE INVITED to accept this unique recorded production of Tennessee Williams' haunting drama *The Glass Menagerie* (catalogue price: $12.90) for only $1, plus a small shipping charge – as your introduction to a new dimension in the enjoyment of the world's most celebrated plays.

This two-record album – featuring Montgomery Clift, Julie Harris, Jessica Tandy, and David Wayne – utilizes a special eight-microphone recording technique which re-creates the drama in your living room with extraordinary intimacy. It is a striking demonstration of the new kind of entertainment experience offered by the Theatre Recording Society.

The Society is presenting for the first time on longplaying records the great masterpieces of the theatre—both classical and modern—in new, full-length productions expressly created for listening enjoyment. These exciting performances, recorded in stereo and monaural high fidelity, convey the full scope, movement, and range of the living stage – yet provide an unusual "close-up" experience of the drama which is possible only in the home.

As a member of the Society, you will "go to the theatre" as often as you wish, in the comfort and convenience of your own living room – where the actors play only to you, your family, and invited guests. You will participate in many history-making "premieres," as the most illustrious performers of our day (some of whom are listed above) appear in roles which mark the zenith of their artistic careers. You will come to know at first-hand the crowning moments in the development of the theatre – the themes, the roles, the very lines which have become part of our cultural lore.

The Society's membership plan. Every two months, members are offered a new play selection chosen from the most enduring and entertaining fare in 2,500 years of world theatre. Each play is recorded on 12-inch longplaying records, packaged in a colorful boxed set, much like full-length opera albums.

With each album, the Society publishes an unusual Folio companion to the production. This profusely illustrated 11" by 11" theatregoer's guide gives you fascinating facts about the play—its setting, its place in the dramatic repertoire, its influence on contemporary society. Together with the recordings, this unique Folio provides a total theatre experience you could enjoy nowhere else.

As a member, you need not take every selection offered. You may accept as few as four albums of your choice *over a period of two years* – from more than 30 albums which will be made available. Although these play albums cost up to $12.90 in stores, you will pay only $8.90 for each album you choose. (Same low price for stereo and monaural versions.)

Mail the attached card today. To demonstrate how exciting theatre-in-the-home can be, the Society is offering its premiere production *The Glass Menagerie* for only $1, plus shipping, with trial membership. If not thrilled with this introductory album, you may return it within 10 days, cancel your membership and owe nothing. If reply card has been removed, write to Theatre Recording Society, 461 Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10001.

Enthusiastic acclaim for the Society's premiere production

"A glowing performance . . . Director Howard Sackler, who might be called the Toscanini of the spoken word, has blended music, sound effects and the talents of a fine cast to re-create the play with force and radiance."
–Hi Fi/Stereo Review

"Recaptures the poignancy of Williams' first success." *–Time*

"The cast could scarcely be more distinguished. Julie Harris expresses in her half-articulated words and hesitant manner one whose personality, not to say her life, has been obliterated by her mother. David Wayne can suggest more with a half finished sentence than most others with a five minute speech."
–The New York Times

"A superb recording . . . a magnificent start for this distinguished new venture."
–Washington Post

"Williams, who uses language as an art form, finds perfect outlets for that art in Jessica Tandy, Montgomery Clift, Julie Harris and David Wayne."
–Billboard

◯ Theatre Recording Society

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If you read

THE REPORTER

you should own

...the new

MERRIAM-WEBSTER UNABRIDGED

In recent years the English language has changed tremendously. Your everyday language. And the language of science, technology, business, and the professions.

To be well informed today, you need to keep up with these changes. And the way to do it — *the only way* —is to own the new Merriam-Webster Unabridged: Webster's Third New International Dictionary.

100,000 new words, new meanings!

The first completely new unabridged in 30 years, this new Merriam-Webster gives you full understanding of 100,000 new words and new meanings — 450,000 entries in all. It covers every area of human thought, answers more questions about today's English language than any other dictionary.

Get the new Merriam-Webster Unabridged at your book, department, or stationery store today. It is recognized as the final word authority by the U. S. Government Printing Office, and by federal and state courts of law.

Beware of "Webster" substitutes. Insist on the genuine

MERRIAM-WEBSTER

The leading name in dictionaries since 1847.

FREE BOOKLET *— just mail coupon*

G. & C. Merriam Co., Dept. 617, Springfield, Mass. 01101

I'm interested in keeping up with the new words and new meanings in today's English language. Please send me a free copy of your 12-page booklet "Hold the English language in your two hands."

Name.....

Address.....

City & State.....

been after in the first place. They informed the FBI of a rumored plan to assault Martin Luther King, gave a good deal of data to the Justice Department on the membership and programs of the council, and got in touch with local newspapers elsewhere in the country to give them some leads to follow.

And what has been Mitchell's reaction to this latest episode in his episode-crammed history? It has prompted him to make the only understatement we can recall his making in a highly overstated public life. "It's almost a funny story," he declared.

Double Trouble

It is pleasant to come across a little whimsy in the midst of that solemn task now gripping most state legislatures, reapportionment. And where else should it be found but in that most whimsical of states, California.

Where rural state senators across the land are undergoing the anguishing obligation of voting themselves out of office, State Senator Richard J. Dolwig, a Republican who represents a county neighboring San Francisco, has come up with a plan that would create *twice* as many jobs. He has introduced a bill to make two states out of the one.

Creation of a Northern California and a Southern California is a proposal that has been kicking around since the first legislature met more than a hundred years ago. It has even come close to being approved a couple of times and has tempted small blocks of counties to threaten secession. About fifteen years ago, three northern counties that were unhappy over tax laws put over by more populous counties tried to set up a new state to be called Jefferson. And counties close to Nevada periodically make overtures to Nevada in hopes of cashing in on legalized gambling.

Although it seems a fantasy, the Dolwig plan has been declared legally feasible by the state attorney general. But which would be the "new" California? The Northern California County Supervisors Association, which last October recommended the separation, has claimed the name California for the

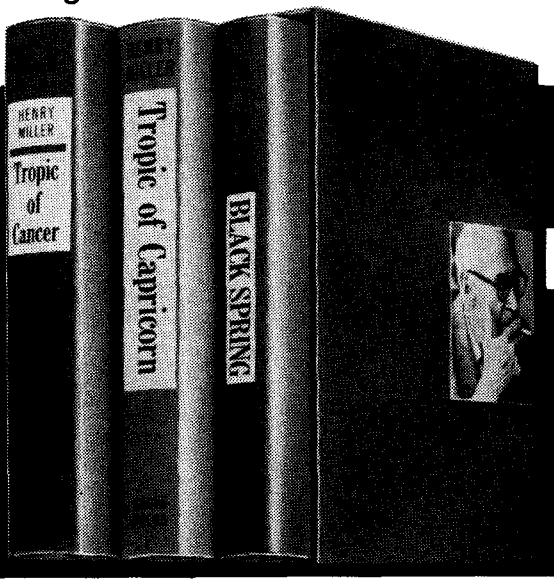
PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AVAILABLE AT LAST

"One of the most significant contributions to the literature of our time."
—Sir Herbert Read

FREE
WITH YOUR FIRST SELECTION

THE COMPLETE BOXED SET FROM GROVE PRESS



THE HENRY MILLER TRILOGY

TROPIC OF CANCER
TROPIC OF CAPRICORN
BLACK SPRING

EXCLUSIVE WITH THE **HUDSON BOOK CLUB**

Purchased separately, these three volumes would cost you $20.00 everywhere. Handsomely boxed, they are yours free if you act promptly.

T. S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, George Orwell, and Edmund Wilson have characterized Henry Miller's long-forbidden trilogy as a modern American classic. Yet for years the only copies available in America were those smuggled into the country at great risk.

Today the official climate has changed, and Americans who once knew Miller solely by reputation are discovering that he is not only a daring writer but a great one.

LAWRENCE DURRELL: "American literature today begins and ends with the meaning of what Henry Miller has done."

To celebrate the triumphant reception now being accorded to Henry Miller's **Tropic of Cancer, Tropic of Capricon,** and **Black Spring** by the country that gave him birth, Miller's publishers are making the complete Trilogy available in a handsomely boxed set. It is yours free while this extraordinary offer lasts. Here—together as Miller intended them to be—are the three novels on which his fame is based:

TROPIC OF CANCER. "A triumph of the comic spirit." —**Horace Gregory.** "I call Henry Miller the greatest living author."—**Karl Shapiro**

TROPIC OF CAPRICORN. "A moral work of great perception and feeling. The forces of censorship haven't a prayer against it."—**Richard Seaver**

BLACK SPRING. "A remarkable work of art. How could this ever be called pornographic?"—**Maxwell Geismar**

THE HENRY MILLER TRILOGY is an example of the important reading offered regularly to members of the Hudson Book Club at reduced prices. Limited quantities have been set aside as Free Gifts for new members who join now. It makes good sense to send for your free set today, with your first selection chosen from the list below. If not delighted, simply return the books within 2 weeks and your membership will be cancelled without cost or obligation. The club takes all the risk.

ONLY THREE MORE SELECTIONS NEED BE TAKEN WITHIN ONE YEAR.

The Hudson Book Club pools your buying power with that of other discerning readers who share your tastes. By means of low Members' Prices and free Bonus Books, it saves you an average of 50% on the very books you would otherwise purchase at full price.

IMPORTANT TO ACT QUICKLY. Mail coupon today while free copies of THE HENRY MILLER TRILOGY are still available.

THIEF'S JOURNAL. By Jean Genet. Strange hymn to inverted passions. "I do not fear to call this book the most beautiful Genet has written"—Jean-Paul Sartre's Fwd.
List, $6.00. **Members' Price $4.95**

THE DEPUTY. By Rolf Hochhuth. Magnificent drama in this urgent dialogue between Nazism and Rome over the Jewish Final Solution. List, $5.95. **Members' Price $4.75**

IN THE BEGINNINGS. By H. R. Hays. Monumental study of our early ancestors and the gods they fashioned out of their darkest urges. 565 pp., 116 illus.
List, $10.00. **Members' Price $6.95**

O STRANGE NEW WORLD. By Howard Mumford Jones. An imaginative study of the formative years in American Culture and the European influence upon it. 464 pp.
List $8.50. **Members' Price $5.50**

THE DANGEROUS SEX. By H. R. Hays. The story through the ages of man's great hostility toward woman, and the sexual persecutions, myths and literature behind it.
List, $5.95. **Members' Price $4.50**

LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RENAISSANCE AND BAROQUE ART. The monumental arts and beauty from the birth of modern man: da Vinci, Rembrandt, Velasquez, et al. 1214 illus. List $20.00. **Members' Price $9.95**

THE LIFE OF LENIN. By Louis Fischer. "Never has the image of Lenin, as a person, been more clearly drawn..."—George Kennan.
List, $10.00. **Members' Price $7.50**

CIVILIZATION OF ROME. By Pierre Grimal. Rome as City, as Empire, as Idea; by a master scholar and writer. 229 illus.
List, $11.50. **Members' Price $7.95**

TEMPLES, TOMBS AND HIEROGLYPHS. By Barbara Mertz. 5000 years of Egyptian archaeological history, focussing on Queen Hatshepsut, Thutmose III, Akhenaton, etc. 25 photos, 46 line drawings.
List, $6.95. **Members' Price $4.95**

EROS DENIED. By Wayland Young. A history of sexual behavior. "A remarkable, brilliant and revolutionary book."—J. Donald Adams.
List $7.50. **Members' Price $5.45**

THE GREEKS and THE ROMANS. By H. D. F. Kitto (Greeks) and H. R. Barrow (Romans). Over 2000 years of history—insights into Greek free thought and Roman conquest. 2 vols.; 577 pp., 75 photos.
List, $12.00. **Members' Price $7.95**

FAMILY AND SEXUAL REVOLUTION. Ed. by Edwin Schur. The gravity of the sexual revolution in family life by Soroken, Mead, Myrdal, et al. List $7.95. **Members' Price $5.95**

LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF BYZANTINE AND MEDIEVAL ART. Ed. by Rene Huyghe. The art of 1000 years in a highly prolific age. 416 pp., over 1000 illus., 36 in full color.
List, $17.95. **Members' Price $9.95**

THE PATHS OF CULTURE. By Kaj Birket-Smith. A study of human culture, its conditions, laws and the forces that guide it. 616 pp.; 143 illus.
List $10.00. **Members' Price $6.95**

A TREASURY OF ART MASTERPIECES. Ed. by Thomas Craven. The most highly praised art book of our time in a magnificent new edition. 650 reproductions (161 in full color) of the world's greatest paintings.
List $8.95. **Members' Price $5.95**

THE WORLDS OF EXISTENTIALISM. Ed. by Maurice Friedman. "In my opinion this is an excellent anthology, the best to appear so far on existentialism."—James Gordon Clapp.
List, $7.95. **Members' Price $5.50**

THE TREASURE OF OUR TONGUE. By Lincoln Barnett. A fascinating account of the English language and its universal importance today.
List $5.95. **Members' Price $4.75**

LAST EXIT TO BROOKLYN. By Hubert Selby, Jr. Incredible novel of modern urban degradation, denying everything we mean by love —with a moral impact verging on sheer pain.
List $5.00. **Members' Price $3.95**

ANTI-INTELLECTUALISM IN AMERICAN LIFE. By Richard Hofstadter. Is America's notorious philistinism part of our democratic roots?
List, $6.95. **Members' Price $4.95**

THE CONCISE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF ARCHAEOLOGY. Ed. by Leonard Cottrell. An impressive account tracing the movement of whole peoples; ancient Peruvians, Indian Maurya ans, Mayas, etc. 184 illus., 16 in full color; 512 pp. List, $15.00. **Members' Price $9.95**

THE MEDIEVAL WORLD. By Friedrich Heer. The high noon of medieval life, 1100-1350, recreating courtly love, art, science, and ideals. Photos.
List, $7.50. **Members' Price $5.50**

NO MONEY NEED BE SENT WITH COUPON

HUDSON BOOK CLUB, 131 VARICK STREET, NEW YORK 13, N.Y.

Please enroll me as a Trial Member of the Hudson Book Club and send me **free** THE HENRY MILLER TRILOGY. As my first selection, send me, at the low Members' Price:

_____
(ENTER YOUR FIRST SELECTION HERE)

If for any reason I decide not to remain a member, I may return these books within 2 weeks and my membership will be cancelled without cost or obligation.

If I elect to remain a member I need choose only 3 more books at reduced prices during the coming year, and will be under no further obligation. Thereafter, every 4 books I accept from the Club will entitle me to a free Bonus Book of my choice.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

☐ Please bill me for my First Selection plus shipping charge.

☐ My check for First Selection is enclosed (Club pays shipping). Same cancellation privileges. MR-106

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHY SHOULD

MORE PEOPLE belong to UNIVERSAL RECORD SERVICE than any other record club?

1. NO LIMITATIONS
All records, all labels, all artists in print — in or out of the Schwann Catalog

2. ALL CATEGORIES
Pop, Jazz, Classical, Folk, Western, Educational, Foreign

3. NO QUOTAS
Buy only the records you want — as many as you want

4. IMMEDIATE DELIVERY FROM STOCK
Universal is the only record club that stocks all records in all categories to guarantee you fastest service in the industry.

5. LOW DISCOUNT PRICES
SAVE UP TO 50% and more on all 33⅓ mono & stereo L.P. records. Write for our price list today.

6. LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP
No annual dues, fees or levies. One lifetime membership for just $3.00.

7. HUGE BUYING POWER BONUSES
Because of huge membership, we have enormous buying power which enables us to offer members special super bonuses throughout the year.

ALL RECORDS GUARANTEED FACTORY FRESH
Thousands of Satisfied Customers

ACT NOW — FILL OUT AND MAIL COUPON TODAY FOR FREE SCHWANN CATALOG PLUS — A BONUS — FIRST OF MANY FROM
UNIVERSAL RECORD SERVICE
Box 1111 T.R., Mountainside, N. J.

Here's how to join the best bargain club of them all — the club that offers savings to 50% on every item in the Schwann Catalog and the thousands of releases not listed. No limits on labels, artists or number of records, no quotas to fulfill, no annual fees — just fill in the membership coupon below. Send it, with your check or money order for $3.00 to Universal Record Service. (You'll make this back in savings on your first purchase.) You will receive your membership card, a free Schwann Catalog, Universal's own newsletter of World Wide releases and our discount price list that saves you up to 50% on any purchase!

TAPE CLUB OFFERS SAME FEATURES

UNIVERSAL RECORD SERVICE
Box 1111 T.R., Mountainside, N. J.

Gentlemen:
Enroll me now in the Universal Record Service. Enclosed is my ☐ check ☐ m.o. for $3.00 covering lifetime record fee or ☐ $4.00 to cover both record and tape fee. I understand this entitles me to buy all records and tapes at cost (savings up to 50% off manufacturer's list prices) plus a few cents postage without obligation to purchase any certain amount, that I can choose any records in print and that, further I will receive absolutely free by return mail, the newest, complete Schwann Catalog as my bonus for acting immediately. Harrison Catalog sent free to tape service subscribers.

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....

Solution to

THE REPORTER

Puzzle #118

Acrostician—

PHUMIPHON

P	A	R	A	D	I	S	E	O	F	F	R	U	I	T
E		A		O		H		A		A		R		R
A	T	L	A	N	T	A		T	R	I	B	U	N	E
C		L		N		M		H		T		G		A
E	L	I	D	E	S		H		S	H	O	U	T	S
L		E			A	B	A	T	E			A		U
O	D	D		H	O	R	L	O	G	E		Y	E	R
V				A		I	C	Y		S				E
I	R	A		P	L	A	Y	E	R	S		P	H	I
N		I			A	N	O	D	E			R		S
G	A	R	R	O	T		N		T	H	R	I	L	L
R		P		S		P		S		O		C		A
A	P	O	S	T	L	E		P	O	R	T	I	O	N
C		R		I		E		I		A		N		D
E	X	T	R	A	P	R	I	V	I	L	E	G	E	S

upper portion. The southern state, it suggested, might be dubbed Disneyland.

The issue has stirred newspapers both north and south. Bigness, the papers say, makes California the No. 1 state in population and in exports, and it must not be surrendered lightly. But California's rapidly multiplying citizenry also makes the state an outsized headache. The fantasy becomes beguiling when one considers a California no longer bumptious in its superlatives about everything from its population to its "colossal" olives. There might even be a restoration of sanity to California politics if north and south were separated.

But once divided, what would happen if both halves grew like the amoeba? Perhaps one California is all the country can take.

Chop the Choppers

President Johnson sent a refreshing blast of clear air into the fog of U.S. transportation policy last week when he recommended an end to Federal subsidy of helicopter lines in New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles. During the past eleven years, taxpayers have been soaked $46 million to keep aloft this faltering enterprise that benefits only one American in ten thousand. A subsidy that works out to $7.60 per passenger trip has been required to keep airport-to-city helicopter service within the means of even the businessmen who are its chief users.

Last summer, in an effort to keep the program alive and to placate its critics in Congress, the Civil Aeronautics Board decided to spread the subsidy to other cities. This approach, after all, has worked well enough for the local-service airlines, who now enjoy a $70-million-a-year subsidy. More recently, however, the CAB decided to advocate continuation of the present helicopter program as part of a gradually reduced five-year project involving some $13.5 million.

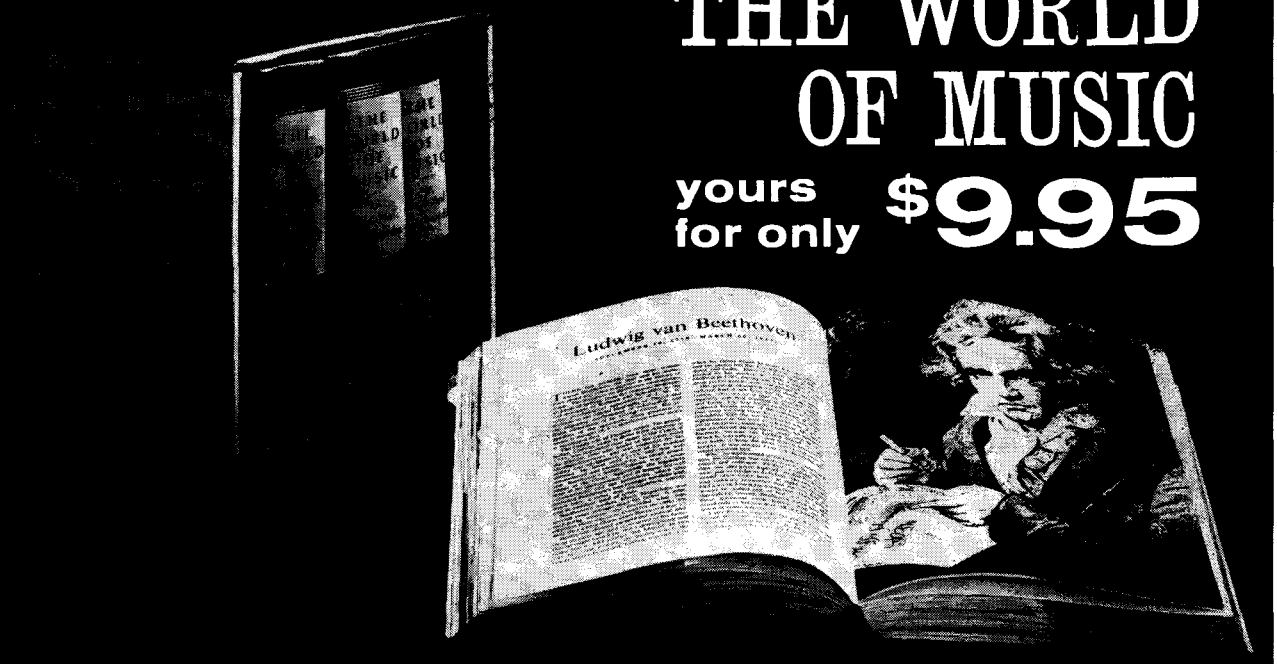
We hope Congress takes the President's view. In our opinion, the millions that had been earmarked for a helicopter program of highly questionable worth would be much better spent to aid the foundering commuter railroads.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From the Gregorian Chant to electronic music, from folk songs to opera — a lavishly illustrated, brilliantly edited encyclopedia . . .

THE WORLD OF MUSIC

yours for only $9.95



RETAIL $50.00

4 VOLUMES IN AN ATTRACTIVE SLIPCASE • 6¾" x 7¾" x 9¾"
1,536 PAGES • MORE THAN 5,500 ENTRIES • OVER 2,000 ILLUSTRATIONS

A magnificent, profusely illustrated encyclopedia. **The World of Music** spans the whole range of our vast musical heritage. For devotees of both classical music and jazz, for performers and listeners, for the musicologist and the music lover, this handsome four-volume reference set offers a fund of knowledge—easily accessible and clearly written by leading musical authorities—on every aspect of musical experience.

Here are biographies of the great composers and performers of past and present; penetrating analyses of hundreds of musical masterpieces; detailed articles on popular and film music, opera, ballet, scoring, choral works, folk songs, modern dance, jazz, vocal music, and performing groups.

The number and variety of illustrations alone make **The World of Music** unique. There are hundreds of portraits of performers and composers from the fourteenth century to the present; scenes from operas, musical plays, ballets, and musical films; reproductions of stage sets, playbills, and musical scores; drawings, paintings and sculpture whose themes relate to music.

The World of Music is the most comprehensive, visually attractive reference set on music that has ever been published — a basic work that belongs in every home library.

The Seven Arts Book Society

offers you the opportunity to build what André Malraux described as "a museum without walls" — to enrich your home with the finest books on the arts — at substantial savings. The selections of The Seven Arts Book Society — like those listed below — are all books of permanent value: oversize, richly illustrated volumes with definitive texts. Moreover, as a member you will regularly enjoy savings of 30% and more. Why not discover the great advantages of belonging to this unique organization today? You may begin your membership with THE WORLD OF MUSIC — itself a selection of The Seven Arts Book Society, and typical of the kind of books members regularly receive — for only $9.95.

RECENT SEVEN ARTS BOOK SOCIETY SELECTIONS

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF THE GODS, André Malraux. Retail $20.00. Member's price 12.95.

THE ETERNAL PRESENT: The Beginnings of Art, Sigfried Giedion. Retail $12.50. Member's price $9.95.

ABSTRACT PAINTING, Michel Seuphor. Retail $20.00. Member's price $15.95.

BEN SHAHN: Paintings and Graphic Art, James Thrall Soby. Retail $25.00. Member's price $14.95.

MODERN SCULPTURE: Origins and Evolution, Jean Selz. Retail $17.50. Member's price $12.95.

PABLO PICASSO, Wilhelm Boeck and Jaime Sabartès. Retail $20.00. Member's price $14.95.

REMBRANDT, Ludwig Münz. Retail $15.00. Member's price $11.95.

MONET, by William C. Seitz. Retail $15.00. Member's price $11.95.

LONDON PERCEIVED, V. S. Pritchett and Evelyn Hofer. Retail $15.00. Member's price $11.95.

ART AND ILLUSION. E. H. Gombrich. Retail 10.00. Member's price $8.95.

DESIGN FOR MODERN LIVING, Gerd and Ursula Hatje. Retail $15.00 Member's price $11.95.

THE ARTS OF MANKIND, edited by André Malraux and Georges Salles. The monumental history of world art, to date including: **SUMER—The Dawn of Art, THE ARTS OF ASSYRIA, PERSIAN ART,** and **THE ARTS OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC.** Retail (each volume) $25.00. Member's price (each volume) $18.95.

THE ART OF INDIAN ASIA, Heinrich Zimmer and Joseph Campbell. Retail $22.50. Member's price $17.95.

THE ARCHITECTURE OF FANTASY: Visionary Architecture, Ulrich Conrads and Hans G. Sperlich. Retail $16.00. Member's price 11.95.

The Seven Arts Book Society, Inc.

215 Park Avenue South, New York, New York 10003

You may enroll me and send THE WORLD OF MUSIC for only $9.95 (plus postage and handling). I agree to buy four additional selections or alternates in the next 12 months, from the wide range of books available to me at substantial savings. When I do not want the current selection—or prefer to order another book—I may do so on the convenient form provided for this purpose. I may cancel my membership at any time after purchasing the four additional books.

Mr.
Mrs.....
Miss
please print full name

Street.....

City.....State.....Zip Code.....

S65-2R

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAX ASCOLI

Death and the Hero

He has been buried in the graveyard he had chosen near the place where he was born, and the earth of Britain, not marble, encloses his grave. During the last few years, one could not visit Westminster Abbey without thinking this was the place waiting for Winston Churchill, and worthy of him. But his life had been crowded enough, he must have thought, lived in history and making history. He must have wanted to have some privacy, the privacy of an aristocrat who had immensely furthered the traditions and the glory of the name he had inherited.

It was right for the leaders of the free world who could attend to be present at Churchill's funeral, for this was one of the rare occasions where this entity called the free world shows itself in all its truth. Death had been slowly creeping on Winston Churchill, and when the end came it did not give us the anguish of tragedy. Rather, it gave us back the whole Churchill, the hero to whom more than any other man we owe the victory over Hitlerism.

How did he do it? What gave him the strength and the steadiness to overcome obstacles that seemed to be utterly disproportionate to the power of even such a brave nation as Britain? He was throughout his life equally great as a hater and as a believer. He hated nothing more than tyranny, with its brutal designs to force the course of human history to a terminal point, be it the Communist paradise or the Thousand Year Reich of Adolf Hitler.

A man not particularly inclined to theoretical construction, Churchill invariably acted like one who believes freedom is the health of the human race. For him, freedom was what gives sense to life, and he believed in it as he believed in God. Yet he was not particularly noted for the exhibition of his piety, and our most eminent politicians could well learn from him. Only in the most crucial hours of the Battle of Britain did he say that on victory depended the survival of Christian civilization. As a rule, he was not inclined to mix politics with religion.

He was never a flatterer of the people, and least of all of his own people. For him, a nation—his own or any other—meant more than a position in history and a concentration of power. It meant people, no matter whether he talked about friendly or enemy states. When, in June, 1941, Soviet Russia was invaded by Hitler's armies, Churchill said: "I see the Russian soldiers standing on the threshold of their native land, guarding the fields which their fathers have tilled from time immemorial. I see them guarding their homes where mothers and wives pray, ah, yes, for there are times when all pray for the safety of their loved ones, the return of the breadwinner, of their champion, of their protector. I see the ten thousand villages of Russia, where the means of existence is wrung so hardly from the soil, but where there are still primordial human joys, where maidens laugh and children play."

At Fulton, in 1946, he said: "When the designs of wicked men, or the aggressive urge of mighty states, dissolve over large areas the frame of civilized society, humble folk are confronted with difficulties with which they cannot cope. For them all is distorted, all is broken or is even ground to pulp."

This tenderness, this concern for the "humble folk" who invariably pay for the deeds or misdeeds of the men who lead them, never abandoned him. His solicitude for the dignity and the worth of the human person could be even stronger than his hatred of the enemy. General Eisenhower, in a recent TV interview, said he was told by Churchill how horrified he was when, at Yalta, Stalin suggested that at the end of the war fifty thousand leading Nazis ought to be executed. To Churchill the idea was unbearable. Should it be done wholesale? he kept asking. Even a leading Nazi was a human being, whose guilt had to be assessed. Yet he had been a far more implacable enemy of Nazism than Stalin, that former ally of Hitler.

Like his devotion to God and his sense of Christ, his care for the rights of the individual runs all through his thought and his actions. But why should he have lent his eloquence to labor his beliefs? He could well afford to be restrained in giving expression to them, for they were the texture of his being.

At the celebration of his eightieth birthday his humility went so far as to make him say: "I have never accepted what many people have kindly said, namely that I inspired the nation. Their will was resolute and remorseless, and it proved unconquerable. It fell to me to express it, and if I found the right word, you must remember that I have always earned my living by the pen and by my tongue."

In a way he was right, although his pen and his tongue were essential to make his nation unconquerable, and to save our civilization. His death makes us realize what the word and the action of this man have done for us at the time of greatest danger. There never was anyone like him. As to the trials of the future, civilization has its standards in the example Churchill has set.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What's the Matter With the Mails?

MEG GREENFIELD

AMONG frustrated American senders and receivers of mail, the question is often wistfully asked: Why is foreign postal service superior to ours? When President-elect John F. Kennedy appointed J. Edward Day his Postmaster General, a reporter asked him whether he intended to restore twice-a-day mail deliveries. Having just had a letter of his own take eight days to reach Boston, Kennedy answered, he only hoped he would be able to restore once-a-day delivery. It was a high-level version of an increasingly common complaint. Such delay and uncertainty seem a contrast to the speed and efficiency abroad—three or more daily deliveries in Britain, two in Japan, and so on. But for a variety of reasons, comparisons with other nations are usually not apt. One is that in many countries postal service exists in combination with government-owned telephone and telegraph facilities that are able to absorb its losses. Another is the substantially lower wages paid abroad. The American public at least has been spared those strikes, slowdowns, and premeditated foulups—such as the Japanese "annual struggle"—organized by postal workers overseas. Mail volume, moreover, is far higher here—seven times that of Britain, for instance—and delivery distances are far greater. Finally, there is a functional connection between postal service and such untoward modern phenomena as the traffic jam, the high-rise building, and the decline of the railroads.

A few statistics tell the Post Office's bleak story: Since 1950 the number of available mail trains has declined by seventy-five per cent while mail volume has risen by more than half —from forty-five billion pieces processed in 1950 to seventy billion pieces in fiscal 1964. Moreover, although labor costs, accounting for almost eighty per cent of the department's expenditures, have more than tripled in the same period, the labor force has increased by only seventeen per cent to meet the new volume demands. And there is no end in sight. Mail volume, which seems to follow both population growth and the level of personal consumption expenditure, has been increasing at a rate of around three per cent a year, which means that ninety billion pieces of mail are projected by the end of the decade and 125 billion by 1980. Taken together, the volume boom, the steady climb of wages, and the equally steady decline of available means of transport constitute the department's central problem. Since the war it has managed to resist the remedies offered by all the Postmasters General—two highly competent businessmen and one postal career man, along with the purely political appointees.

Of these, Arthur E. Summerfield, who served all eight of the Eisenhower years, failed in the most spectacular way. He went out just as his pet automation project collapsed—an event that seemed symbolically appropriate as an end to his vain efforts to impose the wisdom acquired as a Chevrolet dealer in Michigan upon the ancient institution of the Post Office. Management of the department had seemed —especially to Summerfield himself —a most fitting challenge to his tal-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ents. For although the Postmaster General's may nowadays be the least prestigious job in the cabinet, the department, as Summerfield was fond of pointing out, with its $20 billion in annual cash transactions, is the "biggest business in the world." With almost 600,000 employees, it is also the biggest civilian agency in government. But as Summerfield was to discover, the kindest thing that can be said about the laws under which this giant enterprise is expected to operate is that they are quaint. Over the years, from the days of the first American Postmaster General and postal nepotist, Benjamin Franklin (a brother and a sister-in-law on the payroll), the Post Office has evolved as an institution unique in its diffusion of authority, in its admixture of politics with bureaucracy, and in its unsuitability to perform the duties with which it is charged.

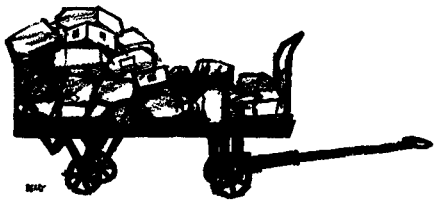
POSTAL REVENUES, for instance, do not go to the Post Office Department. Rather, they go directly to the Treasury, where they may not be touched by the department itself. For this reason, public complaints about poor service coming on the heels of rate increases are irrelevant. The department gets exactly as much money as Congress decides to give it in six annual appropriations.

One of the problems endemic to the Post Office is that, unlike private business, it can neither reject nor control the demands made upon it. A mail-order house may suddenly drop a few extra tons of merchandise into the mails; a majority of the citizens of a huge metropolitan area may decide to dispatch their Christmas presents on the same day, having waited out a siege of bad weather. The most the department can do is try to anticipate the vagaries of its vast clientele and maintain sufficient flexibility to meet them.

The budget-making process, however, renders this impossible. To make its presentation before Congress, the department must begin to formulate its prospective manpower and transportation needs two years in advance. For this it relies upon estimates of future population growth and family income, as well as reports from local postmasters speculating on how many substitute carriers, say, will be needed in a given town on a given day of a given month two years hence. Once the funds have been appropriated—an annual struggle in itself—the department, subject to Budget Bureau approval, apportions them into quarterly allotments for its regional directors, who parcel out the money among the postmasters within their districts. None of the money is transferable from quarter to quarter, and department officials, down to and including the regional directors, are liable to fines or imprisonment or both if a single penny over the prearranged allotment is spent.

Responsibility Without Power

This last little touch derives from the Anti-Deficiency Act of 1951, which Congress ostentatiously dusted off in 1957 after a particularly bad spell with the auto dealer from Michigan. Having overspent his funds, Summerfield blithely asked for more, and when his request was refused he terminated Saturday mail deliveries. He ultimately got most of the money, but only after an ear-splitting debate with Congress in the course of which he was publicly informed that not only he but also Budget Director Percival Brundage (who confessed he didn't even know that postal revenues went directly to the Treasury) could and probably should have been put in jail. Before Eisenhower's second term was over, Summerfield may well have wished he had been. He enjoyed sensationally bad relations with both Congress and the mighty complex of postal workers' organizations, chiefly because he brought a highly simplified view of economy and efficiency to the postal establishment. Nor did he ever cease to express his businessman's incredulity at the way things were done—such as learning on his second day in office that the preceding month's operating statement would not be available to him for seventeen months.



Summerfield's disbelief when he first saw the department's table of organization is understandable. Probably no other agency of government and certainly no other enterprise of comparable size is so thoroughly bereft of the power to run its own affairs. Congress determines both the prices it may charge and the wages it must pay. Eleven rank-and-file unions, three management organizations, the Civil Service Commission, the two political parties, and the Senate, which confirms postmasterships, all keep a hand—not to say an oar—in its employee relations. The Interstate Commerce Commission and the Civil Aeronautics Board establish the rates it must pay for rail and airmail carriage respectively. The ICC, for some reason, is also empowered to approve rates for parcel post. The Bureau of the Budget is very much in the picture, as is the Comptroller General, who issues frequent pained reports on departmental activities ranging from its major reorganizational schemes to its "procurement of defective tire valves."

Of all the participants in this surrealistic process, Congress is far and away the most important. To give the legislators their due, it may be said that what little cogent thinking has been done on postal policy has tended to originate in the committees on the Hill. Still, Congress as a whole has proved uncommonly responsive to the blandishments of organized postal users and employees—a combination that in the department's view has simply resulted in keeping its prices low and its payroll high. Indeed, even those who themselves support the continuance of relatively cheap second-class mailing rates for publications, for example, concede that the members appear to be attracted not only by the complex statistical arguments of the publishers' lobby involved but also by the charms of such a lobby, representing as it does editorialists all over the country.

Similarly, Congress's generosity toward the half million organized postal workers seems related not only to the fact that postal workers have traditionally been abused and underpaid but also to the recognition that a good part of the postal force visits "everybody's home every day" and that they "talk." Postal workers, in addition, appear to have

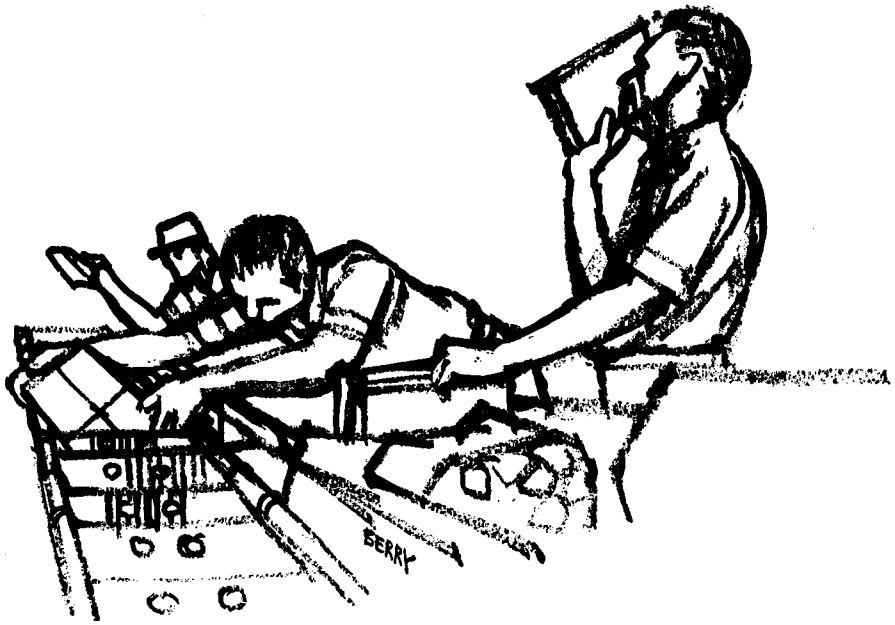
PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

brought skills worthy of a Talmudic scholar to their reading of the Hatch Act, which forbids Federal employees to use their positions for political ends. None of this has escaped the attention of representatives, who must run for office every two years. "They can only talk," one of them told me, "but their wives can organize and do anything they want. They have the damnedest ladies' auxiliaries you ever saw."

With or without ladies' auxiliaries, there are other lobbies doing equally well by Congress on postal policy. Consider the mounting disaster of parcel post, which has been forfeiting business steadily to private carriers such as the Railway Express Agency. To perpetuate their good fortune, representatives of Railway Express work the Hill to see to it that various crippling restrictions Congress has imposed on parcel post remain in force, thereby assuring that it will continue to lose out on the more profitable runs. So far they have been successful: this year alone, parcel post is destined to lose $70 million. Then there are the rural carriers, some thirty thousand patronage appointees who under obsolete legislation may not be transferred or even rerouted. Until such time as they die, they must continue to be paid on an outmoded mileage basis, although automobiles and better highways now permit most of them to complete their appointed rounds in a couple of hours. Their dearness to the heart of Congress was demonstrated when, despite a report by the General Accounting Office recommending abolition of the system at a tremendous potential annual saving, neither the House nor the Senate committees that oversee postal affairs saw fit to take any action on it.

The Archaic Habits

When the Hoover Commission completed its study of the department sixteen years ago, it issued a report that was notable both for a number of sensible recommendations and for an ill-disguised sense of horror at what it had found. Some of its suggestions have been followed, such as that to cut down the number of annual appropriations from what was then a total of fifty-eight. Others have been ignored, such as the recommendation that the operation be reorganized along the lines of a revolving fund. But the commission reserved its no-nonsense language for what many consider the department's most debilitating feature. "The Post Office," it said, "should be taken out of politics." At the same time, however, it concluded that the department should remain a part of the President's cabinet and that Congress should retain its advisory and regulatory roles. By now it has become plain that as long as these two conditions obtain, politics will not be far behind. Politics, in fact, seems to affect and inform almost everything that occurs in postal affairs, as has been evident even in the fate of the enacted Hoover proposals calling for the establishment of fifteen regional offices. Those offices are now a subject of interminable political haggling and acrimony, and there is one regional office so overlaid with obligatory appointments that it is said to defy the efforts of the department's flow-chart makers.



While it is impossible to find votes in Congress to abolish or even reform the archaic habits of postal patronage, it is easy to find congressmen who privately profess to be fed up with the whole business. "For every guy you please," they say on the Hill, "you make nine others sore." Postal patronage, which was once extremely lucrative, has declined both as a source of income and a source of prestige relative to other kinds of Federal appointments such as judges, U.S. attorneys, customs collectors, and even U.S. marshals. Nevertheless, the department has around $200 million worth of patronage to pay out annually in postmasters' salaries, and the amount of "casework," as it is somberly known, that goes into these and other postal appointments consumes considerable time at both ends of Pennsylvania Avenue. Reportedly, although he had succeeded in restoring normal relations between the department and Congress and in establishing unprecedented good will on the part of the postal workers, it was Postmaster General J. Edward Day's disinclination to deal with the frequent crises that arise in these affairs that resulted in his sudden and mysterious departure from office.

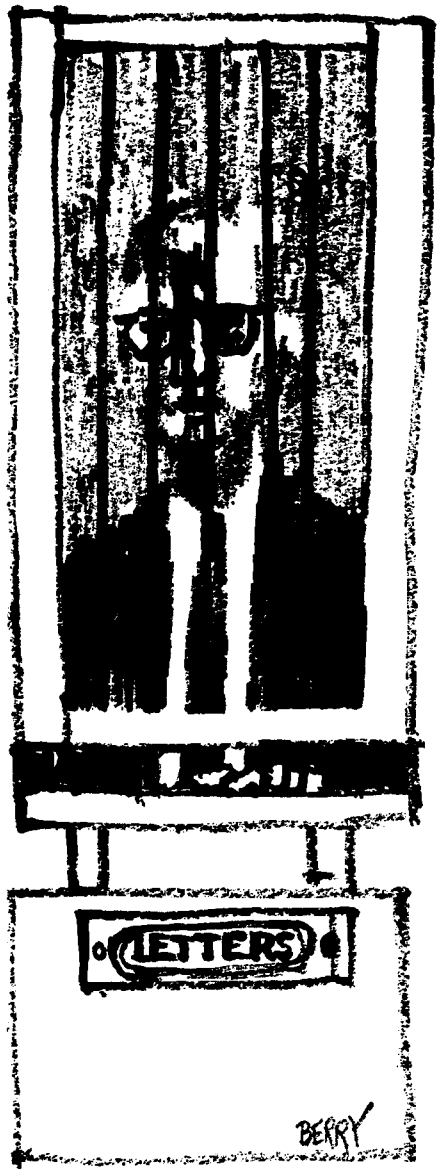
THE CHARGE of disregarding the political obligations of his office cannot be made against Day's successor, Postmaster General John A. Gronouski. His travel and speaking schedules in his first fourteen months in office attest to that: 445 speeches, 63 press conferences, 184 visits to 132 cities, 127,000 air miles traveled. True, it was an election year and Gronouski's background was assiduously exploited in the fight for the Polish vote. But to hear department critics tell it, there were

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

so many other postal officials flying about the country in pursuit of postal sites, installations, and even stainless-steel mailboxes to bless, as well as citations and awards of merit to bestow, that at times it was difficult to find an answer to the old question: Who is minding the store? Whatever decline has occurred in the primary importance of the Post Office Department as an instrument of political power, in other words, a curiously strong secondary relationship persists. There is even a kind of prose produced by the department's speech writers handily combining all the considerations—postal and otherwise—that go into these innumerable benedictions and unveilings. Thus: "This new East Chicago, Indiana, postal facility has 4,316 square feet of interior space with 11,000 square feet of parking and maneuvering area so that Postmaster Al Zivich can, indeed, render better and more efficient service while maintaining the economies in government so essential to President Johnson and Congressman Madden." The speaker was Gronouski himself, who affably concedes that his political duties are manifold and important, although they take time away from the management of a complex operation. On the manner of selecting personnel he is equally candid. "I sometimes wonder," he observed to me a while ago, "how in the history of the selection process we ever got so many able people."

That process is complicated beyond comprehension, but its main features can be discerned: "advice" from a congressman representing the district where a vacancy has occurred; a civil-service examination to be passed; and finally, a theoretically permanent freezing into office of the lucky appointee. None of this has done much for the efficiency or tranquility of the department. Repeatedly there have been charges of "sales" of postal jobs around the country. And life does not seem much calmer in the ranks of its ordinary civil servants, among whom there are said to be continual struggles in the field between the promotable, the unpromotable, the appointed, the disappointed, and the frozen—not to say the frozen out.

Given the number of interested parties it must answer to, it is small wonder that the department has tended to react to its growing financial and technical problems with a mixture of timidity and bravado that makes it difficult to determine exactly how good or how bad things really are. It has become standard operating procedure, for example, for the Post Office to claim credit for having lowered the postal deficit by many hundreds of millions of dollars when the decreased deficit, in fact, came about as the result of a



rate increase the year before. Another well-tried gimmick is the overtime use of regular employees rather than the hiring of substitutes.

What has the department actually done by way of meeting the postal crisis, aside from taking occasional showy measures to appease its unappeasable critics? The answer lies in a series of programs that are no less well intended for sounding like an acute and incurable case of hiccups: VIM, NIMS, NIPS, ZIP, POMSIP. They are based on three general objectives: better control and anticipation of the work load; customer co-operation in pre-sorting, scheduling, cycling, and off-hours dispatching of mail; and routing mail through sectional centers, which is the basis of the much maligned ZIP. The ZIP plan projects mail moving directly to one of the 566 centers servicing adjacent areas. And when it becomes fully effective, it will mean the elimination of as many as half a dozen of the stops and sortings currently required for unzipped mail—so to speak. The department is also waiting on the development of an optical scanning machine that will facilitate the movement of first-class mail as distinct from pre-sorted bulk mail.

MECHANIZATION of its procedures is quite obviously the department's one hope of salvation. But Postmaster Summerfield, its greatest apostle, did the cause a good deal of harm. What with his experimental firing of a missile load of mail from a submarine and his catastrophic commitment to a major investment in a mechanized installation in Providence, Rhode Island, where the machinery, though far from overburdened, went haywire, Summerfield managed to dampen whatever feeble enthusiasm the appropriators in Congress might have had for mechanization and to make his successors overly cautious. The Providence venture, which was named Project Turnkey and soon became known in Congress as Project Turkey, managed to increase costs all around, first by reason of idle expensive machinery and second because of expenses involved in transporting mail to Providence so its whirring and winking equipment, now repaired, would have something to do. Summerfield's headlong approach also earned him unnecessary hostility from the unions. Actually, given the projected increase in mail volume and the annual turnover in postal jobs, the current administration has been able to promise suspicious workers that no one will lose a job

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

when the new equipment comes into being.

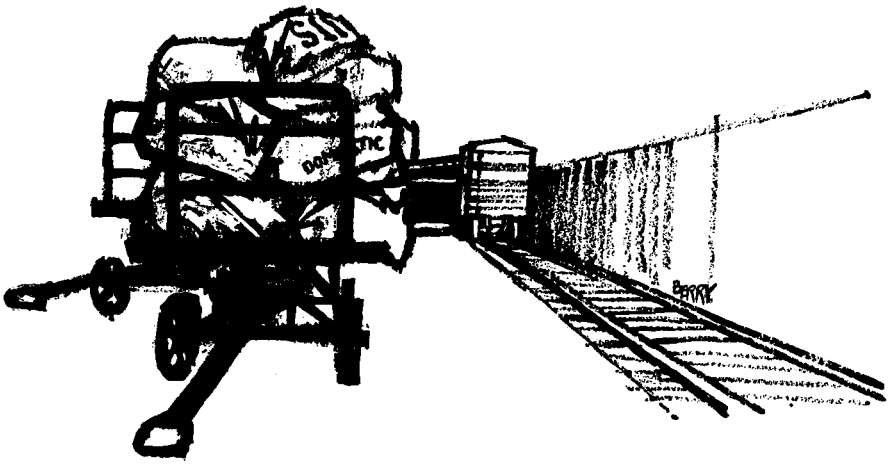
When that day will come is another question. Under Postmaster General Day, the department seemed both nervous and apathetic about investing in research projects. It even was scolded by its Advisory Board on mechanization for the miniscule percentage (one-tenth of one per cent) of its budget that was invested in a research and development program. To the chronic explanation that certain machinery would not be cheap enough to compete with manual labor for the time being, the board countered that service as well as cost considerations for the interim period should be taken into account. In fact, during his term of office Day was using his mechanization funds to meet other obligations.

What Day did see, however, was the need for competent management at the highest level in the department. Project Turnkey had been invaluable in at least one respect: it demonstrated that mechanization without intelligent planning and coordination was useless. Day proceeded to recruit an able team, and for about eighteen months they worked toward solving some of the department's more acute troubles, toward getting regular employees to accumulate crucial information about operations that had been lacking, toward getting them to think about the Post Office's problems in relation to one another rather than on the usual piecemeal and/or firefighting basis. Somehow they were displaced, submerged, and finally dispersed through the Byzantine processes of internal department politics. Some have finally left.

Dreams and Debates

When the Public Affairs Press published a study of postal economics in 1962, its author, Morton Baratz, remarked that "the whole of the scholarly literature on the Post Office comprises just six doctoral dissertations." For what may have been the first time, the study weighed the advantages of a wholly publicly owned institution against a government-regulated but privately owned one—the only free-enterprising thought that does not seem to have occurred to Barry Goldwater during an eventful campaign. "The upshot," it sadly concluded, "thus seems to be that, so far as the postal service is concerned, a compelling case can be made on efficiency grounds for neither public nor private ownership." What kind of case can be made? At the very least, the Post Office would seem to require structural reform, a management group with some authority, and someone to think about policy. In the perennial fuss over rates and wages and obligations, very little thought has been given to the bigger and more important questions from which the daily headaches proceed. The sterility of the debate over the postal deficit is an example. On one side the budget cutters dream idly of a wholly self-financing service. On the other the service-minded demand that postal service should be "free" —whatever that may mean. The service-minded fail to note that "free" service is made free by a common tax to subsidize mail that is eighty per cent commercial in origin. To what extent, then, should the service be self-financing? Ought users to be charged by the value of the service performed or by its actual cost? Should Congress continue to determine the nature of "general welfare" mail and set the rates? Or should the Post Office function as an independent agency? Some of the Post Office's most astute students believe that it should be removed from the cabinet altogether and be reconstituted along the lines of a semi-independent regulated agency with an advisory commission selected from Congress, the Executive branch, and the public.

The prospects for any but minor reforms, however, seem remote. Traditions going back to pre-Revolutionary times sustain the notion of



postal appointments as concessions and rewards. Even in the face of an obvious new need for men with the skills of factory managers and technicians, the sentimental image of the cracker-barrel postmaster dies hard. Beyond that, there are practical considerations. It is difficult to think of any institution whose reform would provoke such widespread resistance as the Post Office, with its abundance of interested parties.

STILL, if there are tremendous obstacles in the path to reform, the need for reform is easy to document. Presumably a more efficient and economical service would result in the freeing of funds for other programs high on the Johnson administration's priority list. Again, with its piecemeal, public-relations-minded approach, the department appears to be headed toward some sort of ultimate breakdown, already foreshadowed in random Christmastime disasters and tie-ups around the country. To be sure, not even a man with President Johnson's acknowledged political gifts could probably bring off a sudden, wholesale depoliticalization of the U.S. Post Office. But it is time for at least those preliminary studies which define the trouble and pave the way for later action. Communication, after all, is essential to the Great Society.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Republicans After the Debacle

1. The Frustrated Moderates

PAUL DUKE and STANLEY MEISLER

THE DIFFICULTIES for Republican representatives who want a more progressive look for their party were dramatically illustrated at the House Republican Conference on January 14. First, the conference kept a conservative monopoly on the leadership by rejecting the bid of moderate Peter Frelinghuysen, Jr., of New Jersey to replace Leslie C. Arends of Illinois as party whip. Then, with a standing ovation, the conference welcomed into its ranks Albert W. Watson, the South Carolina Democrat who resigned from his party after House Democrats had deprived him of committee seniority for supporting Barry Goldwater.

The message of the two acts was quite emphatic because of the rebuke to the new minority leader, Gerald R. Ford, Jr., of Michigan, who had recommended Frelinghuysen in order to give the outnumbered liberals and moderates some voice in policymaking. For liberals, particularly those belonging to an informal group known as the Wednesday Club, the episode shattered any illusion that they had gained strength as a result of the disaster suffered by the party last November 3. The Frelinghuysen rejection, in fact, was an ungracious slap at the Republicans who survived the Johnson landslide with the most ease. Not only did liberal and moderate incumbents fare surprisingly well in Congressional battles, but the Wednesday Club's unofficial leader, New York's John V. Lindsay, ran up the most impressive margin of any House Republican, with seventy-one per cent of the vote in his Manhattan district. Moreover, wholesale defeat of pro-Goldwater conservatives accounted for most of the net loss of thirty-eight G.O.P. seats.

Against this background, it is ironic that the recent shake-up in the Republican House command deepened its shade of conservatism. Although Ford's support of Frelinghuysen lessened the apprehension of liberals, he is regarded by some as even more doctrinaire in his conservatism than his predecessor, Charles A. Halleck of Indiana. Ford took Goldwater's side on the nuclear-weapons issue at the San Francisco convention and made no secret of his interest in obtaining the Vice-Presidential nomination.

The Goldwater coloration is more pronounced elsewhere in the leadership. Melvin R. Laird of Wisconsin, who replaced Ford as the G.O.P. conference chairman, was the chairman of the national convention's platform committee that so conspicuously shaped its planks to Goldwater's specifications. Also, Arends was an early and consistent advocate of the Arizona senator.

TRUE, liberal Republicans in the Senate have won a modicum of power in recent times because of their seniority and the erosion of the dominant conservative bloc. And under the tolerant leadership of Everett Dirksen, there has not been the same pressure for conformity in the Senate as there has been in the House.

Even so, there are off-limits areas. The Senate Finance Committee has remained a special preserve for conservatives. And there is little prospect that Thomas H. Kuchel of California, who was awarded the whip's job after a band of seven liberals revolted against the leadership of the late Styles Bridges in 1959, will ever succeed Dirksen.

But it is in the more conservative House that progressives have encountered the most severe ostracism. Not since Scott left for the Senate six years ago has there been a moderate or liberal on the legislation-clearing Rules Committee. The thirty-five-member Republican Policy Committee has served primarily as a mouthpiece for rigid conservatism. Under Halleck, the policy of excluding liberals was sometimes carried to absurdity. Silvio O. Conte of Massachusetts was once passed over for a vacancy on the Migratory Bird Conservation Commission even though he presented Halleck with a petition of support signed by fifty-five fellow Republicans. Halleck gave the appointment to a freshman conservative from Pennsylvania.

The Wednesday Club

It was this kind of autocracy that led to a gathering of seven progressives in the office of F. Bradford Morse of Massachusetts in January, 1963. There were five other Easterners: Lindsay, Stanley R. Tupper of Maine, Robert T. Stafford of Vermont, Abner W. Sibal of Connecticut, and Charles M. Mathias, Jr., of Maryland. Robert F. Ellsworth of Kansas rounded out the group. Besides their devotion to enlightened Republicanism, the seven shared a lack of seniority.

There was nothing conspiratorial about the birth of the Wednesday Club, the name the group received because of its weekly sessions on Wednesday afternoon. "Our only thought was to discuss issues, exchange information, and have a few drinks together," recalled one of the charter members. By 1964, the club had grown to fifteen with the addition of Conte, George M. Wallhauser and William T. Cahill of New Jer-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sey, Herman T. Schneebeli of Pennsylvania, Ogden Reid of New York, Charles A. Mosher of Ohio, Garner E. Shriver of Kansas, and Alphonzo Bell of California. Schneebeli, Mosher, and Shriver were conservatives who were accepted because, as one of the club explained, "They are thoughtful, practical politicians who are sympathetic to another viewpoint." Ideological differences did not particularly matter under the club's policy of discussing issues without taking specific positions.

For the most part, the Wednesday Club represented a meeting ground for those who favored more affirmative Republican policies and who frequently bucked Halleck's efforts to forge a united Republican front against the Democrats. All seven charter members voted for the permanent enlargement of the Rules Committee in 1963. During the 1961-1964 period the Democratic administration was not able to win passage for many major bills without the support of fifteen or more rebel Republicans. By and large, it was the Wednesday Club members who led in the fence-jumping. This kind of voting reflected the attitude of one progressive who observed in what amounted to a credo for the Wednesday Club, "There is nothing wrong with saying 'me too' when the other fellow has a good idea."

THE WEDNESDAY CLUB operated without other G.O.P. members or the press becoming aware of it until last April, when the Associated Press carried a story on the group. The exposure stemmed from a reporter's discovery that the members had sent a letter to Secretary of State Dean Rusk early in 1964 proposing a conference between Johnson and President de Gaulle. According to one insider, Halleck was furious to learn that such a group was meeting regularly; he evidently suspected the nucleus of a plot for his overthrow. The publicity also frightened some Wednesday Clubbers who feared retaliation from the leadership.

After the election catastrophe, the Wednesday Club decided to play a more public role in rebuilding the party and improving its leadership in Congress. All but two Wednesday Club members were returned—Sibal was narrowly defeated and Wallhauser had retired—and eight other congressmen joined the group, an indication that fear about associating with the reformers had diminished. Frelinghuysen headed the newcomers, followed by Howard W. Robison and Frank J. Horton of New York, Joseph M. McDade of Pennsylvania, William S. Broomfield of Michigan, Mark Andrews of North Dakota, and William S. Mailliard and John F. Baldwin, Jr., of California. Generally speaking, these additions diluted the progressive nature of the group by bring in several representatives whose voting records were closer to that of the party leadership.

With twenty-one members, the Wednesday Club began to talk about organizing formally like the liberal Democratic Study Group. It also began acting as if it had some muscle. Reid and Bell were dispatched to Denver as observers at the Republican Governors Association conference in early December. The stated purpose was to work out a system for close liaison between the group and the governors in trying to reshape the party. "The country expects Republicans to recognize the character and nature of the November 3 defeat," Reid told reporters. "This calls for fundamental action to repudiate extremism and racism."

These post-election activities left the impression of an insurgent force that might rival other historic uprisings by Republican progressives. For several decades starting late in the nineteenth century, Republican leaders had to contend with agrarian rebels led by Robert La Follette of Wisconsin, George Norris of Nebraska, and others. In the 1930's, a new band of liberals from the East began arriving, forcefully led by Fiorello La Guardia of New York.

But the recent fight for Republican leadership raised a serious question about the new movement's ability to present a common front. With little to choose between the ideologies of Ford and Halleck, the Wednesday Club split in its approach to the contest. Lindsay, Reid, and Ellsworth suggested that the group sponsor Stafford, a former governor of Vermont. While he would not win, it was argued that he might drain off enough votes from the conservative contenders to deprive either of a majority. Thereupon the liberals, holding the balance of power, could win concessions to break the deadlock.

Most of the Wednesday Club members did not agree. They doubted that the strategy would succeed and even believed that it might backfire to ensure Halleck's re-election. A majority plainly preferred to gamble on Ford, on the basis that his reputation for fair-mindedness outweighed their qualms about his conservatism. Conte, for example, had been kept on the House Appropriations Subcommittee for Foreign Aid last year through the intervention of Ford, who dissuaded other Republican leaders from switching him to another subcommittee because of his pro-administration votes on aid bills. Ford had also gone out of his way to establish friendly relations with Tupper, Bell, and several other junior congressmen.

The Impact of the Election

Nonetheless, after several argumentative meetings, the club decided to send Conte to Ford to see whether he would bargain to give progressives a share in the leadership. Ford told Conte that he would make no deals with anyone. Instead of turning the group away from Ford, this refusal caused several members of the Wednesday Club to give him their votes. As one member explained, "If he promised us something he probably would be promising the other side even more." So sixteen members voted for Ford, while Lindsay and four others sided with Halleck.

The club was indecisive at first over the choice of a candidate to run against Laird for the conference chairmanship. Laird was anathema to moderates and liberals because of his San Francisco performance in rejecting demands for strong planks on civil rights, Presidential control of nuclear weapons, and extremism. But it wasn't until a Sunday-night meeting at Reid's Washington home twelve hours before the opening-day conference on January 4 that the Wednesday Club agreed to back Frelinghuysen against Laird.

Frelinghuysen did surprisingly well, losing by a relatively narrow margin. But this showing contained

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the seeds of unforeseen misfortune. Some Wednesday Club members misinterpreted the closeness as a manifestation of a new complaisance toward the moderate view and not of anti-Laird sentiment. Not only did events prove this conclusion unwarranted, but some overeager members undermined their cause by telling the press that the Wednesday Club had advised Ford to nominate Frelinghuysen for the No. 2 job of whip. When Ford did name Frelinghuysen, strategists for Arends now could whisper that the choice had been dictated by the liberal bloc.

In a sense, the Wednesday Club has been guilty of misreading the impact of the election on Congressional Republicans. Despite the heavy losses of the conservatives, the progressives are still outnumbered in the 140-member House delegation by nearly seven to one. Furthermore, the G.O.P. traditionally has taken a strong rightist stand in Congress after losing Presidential elections. A majority of Republicans hold that fierce partisanship is the easiest way to oppose a liberal Democratic administration.

And one added factor has been gradually overlooked this year: the expanded influence of Southern Republicans in contributing to a neo-Goldwater complexion. While the old coalition of Southern Democrats and Midwestern Republicans has been shattered, a new alliance of Southern, Midwestern, and Western Republicans promises to be a powerful intraparty force in resisting change. The Southern wing's growing power was emphasized in Arends's 70-59 victory—fourteen of sixteen Southerners backed the Illinois conservative. As one of the new Alabama Republicans told the Washington *Post:* "We didn't come up to vote for liberals; we came to revive conservatism."

THE ATTITUDES of the conservatives toward the Frelinghuysen nomination were revealing. One Old Guardsman asked the New Jersey representative whether he could guarantee to keep his state in line on all major votes, a question implying that Frelinghuysen's moderation might make him unwilling to go down the line against the Democrats. After Arends's re-election, Representative Glenard P. Lipscomb, an ultraconservative Californian, remarked, "Jerry made a mistake in not consulting enough people before making his choice." Implicit was the hint that Ford should have known better than to recommend anyone unacceptable to the captains on the Right.

Further proof that business will go on about as usual came with the new committee appointments. In another rebuff to Ford, Republicans put ultraconservative James F. Battin of Montana on the important Ways and Means Committee. In so doing, they rejected the bids of Charles E. Goodell of New York and Wednesday Club member Ellsworth. The one spot open on the Rules Committee went to James H. Quillen of Tennessee, whose 1964 voting record was scored perfect by Americans for Constitutional Action.

These actions offer little hope of broad Republican support for any compromise packages to counter Democratic proposals for building the Great Society. "Jerry can talk all he wants about constructive alternatives, but he'll be the only one in the leadership who'll support them," a Western liberal commented.

All this points up Ford's dilemma: he was chosen to replace Halleck because he is a ruggedly handsome man who is supposed to give House Republicans a new, forward-looking image. Yet any substantial move he makes to recast the party in a more moderate mold almost surely will encounter the disapproval of a majority of House Republicans. In short, Ford appears to be a captive of the conservative flank from which he comes.

The party's standpatism probably ensures the survival of the Wednesday Club. In more euphoric moments, when things seemed to be going their way, some of its members talked about disbanding and working within the regular party machinery. Now the members are convinced that an organization of their own is needed more than ever.

The prospect is that most of the Wednesday Club votes will continue to go to the Democrats on major bills. So long as the progressives are treated as outcasts in their own party, they are not likely to feel any pangs about party regularity.

2. The Old Guard Returns

JOSEPH R. L. STERNE

BARRY GOLDWATER'S formal control of the Republican Party ended as it began—under the chandeliers of a hotel ballroom, with the Republican National Committee acting in docile unanimity. The opening ritual took place July 17, 1964, at the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco, where the committee members dutifully elected Dean Burch national chairman. The end came six months and five days later at the Blackstone Hotel in Chicago. This time, again without protest or debate, the committee members accepted Burch's resignation and elected Ray C. Bliss, the Ohio state chairman.

But to some right-wingers who had fiercely hoped that Goldwater's nomination would make the G.O.P. a truly "conservative" party, the loss of the national chairmanship was as disappointing as the landslide election defeat in November. Few of the cooler, cleverer men around Goldwater had any illusions about the senator's prospects for beating Lyndon B. Johnson. As the candidly cynical William E. Miller expressed it in Chicago: "The country wasn't in any mood to assassinate two Presidents in one year." But they did hope that his nomination would give the right wing an enduring hold on the party organization that would result in the selection of conservative candidates for Congressional, state, and local offices in 1966. As one of Goldwater's top aides said in July, "I know we probably won't win in November and I don't give a damn. Winning control of one of the two major parties is victory enough for me."

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

During his six months at the party's helm, Burch did his best to consolidate this control. The fact that his predecessor was Bill Miller gave him a unique opportunity to take over a party machinery loyal to the Vice-Presidential candidate. Those suspected of less than passionate enthusiasm for Goldwater himself could easily be shunted off to Miller's campaign entourage; there was, moreover, no noticeable squeamishness about firing veteran staffers when it was thought necessary.

Goldwater's hand-picked chairman also took advantage of a mandate given in San Francisco to shake up the executive committee at will. He stacked it with Goldwaterites, denying New York its traditional seat and giving the place held by Idaho's moderate committeeman to the state's conservative committeewoman. This move was to recoil on Burch later, for it irked Governor Robert E. Smylie, head of the Republican Governors' Association and one of the loudest post-election advocates for the selection of a new national chairman.

Burch's most enduring and potentially most important action as national chairman was to promote a drive for small contributions from individual conservatives, who had been advised—correctly—that considerable big-business support was switching to the Democrats. When he went to Chicago for the three-day resignation ceremony, he pointed with pride to a record $17.9 million raised in 1964 from more than a million contributors. The political implication of this financial support from Goldwaterites was underscored further when Goldwater's hand-picked treasurer, J. William Middendorf 2d, called for an extraordinary "victory" budget of $4.6 million in 1965 to build the framework for a 1966 comeback. There were no demands, at least in Chicago, for Middendorf's ouster.

With their zeal and tenacity, it is quite likely that the Goldwaterites who were so successful in capturing the nomination in 1964 will come back to try again—probably in next year's primaries. And it is just as likely that their ability to attract far greater financial support than any moderate group will give them a continuing formidable voice in party affairs.

If the Chicago meeting underscored the strength of the Goldwaterites in finances, it also exposed their weakness in civil rights. Public debate and private conversation readily revealed that Goldwater's forfeiture of the historic Republican claim to Negro loyalty was rated by fellow politicians as his greatest mistake, easily transcending his controversial refusal to repudiate the John Birch Society. This error turned the scales against Burch, a self-described Goldwater symbol, by adding to the senator's opposition many Midwestern and even Southern conservatives who had supported or gone along with him at San Francisco. One former Goldwater aide sensed the mood of the traditional Taftite Republicans who will guide the party during its resuscitation period by remarking: "The formula will be conservatism without racism."

The Republican National Committee is the plenary body of the G.O.P. between national conventions, and the contrast between the Negro question as it was presented in San Francisco and at Chicago was total. In San Francisco, delegates lining up behind a nominee who had voted against the Civil Rights Act turned down a strong enforcement plank by a devastating margin of 897 to 409. Had Negroes needed any further encouragement to vote Democratic *en bloc,* they got it then. In Chicago, however, there was not a word of rebuttal when Senator Thruston B. Morton, who had been unswervingly loyal to Goldwater throughout the campaign, thundered that alienation of the Negro vote would lead to a political dead end in the South as in the North:

"We are not going to do any good if we continue going around saying, 'Forget the Negro vote. We can't get it anyway, so why bother with it?' We are never going to build a party on that basis. . . . Whether they vote in '66, '68, or '70 I don't know, but the Negro in the South is going to vote. Both parties are dedicated to that proposition, and that's going to happen as sure as I am standing here; and when they do vote in great number, as for fifty years they voted in my home town, their vote is going to be more important in the South than is the Negro vote in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, St. Louis, or San Francisco, so let's remember that."

The Kentucky senator backed up his blunt warning, the only really dramatic incident of the three-day meeting, by citing figures indicating that a Republican representative from his state was defeated only because he lost the support of many Negro voters.

Morton's words were heard in silence by some Goldwaterite Republicans who felt that the capture of Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina, and Louisiana justified their 1964 tactics. One such participant was John Grenier, the Alabama state chairman and the former executive director of the Republican National Committee during the campaign, who believed that the Goldwaterites should have fought it out rather than give way to Bliss. Grenier's only alternative would have been the selection of a conservative national chairman such as Peter O'Donnell of Texas or Wayne Hood of Wisconsin. Goldwater, however, decided that it would be better to yield on Burch than to risk a humiliating defeat or the possible breakup of the party. Richard M. Nixon minced no words in stating that a collision-course battle ending in a vote of no confidence for Burch might have led to a "conservative" third party. No American politician since Theodore Roosevelt, leader of the 1912 Bull Moose revolt, had a greater personal following than Goldwater, Nixon said.

Probably the most disquieting note for Republicans who hope to see the G.O.P. restored as the party of Lincoln in the eyes of Negro voters came in Goldwater's speech at Chicago. Outwardly, it seemed to be a conciliatory speech. He personally took all blame for the defeat. He had picked his speech writers, he had decided where to go, and he had determined which issues should be stressed. Moreover, Goldwater admitted, he had failed to refute effectively charges that he would kill Social Security, give nuclear weapons to NATO field commanders, and use nuclear bombs in the Vietnam war. Not once, however, did he hint at second thoughts about the John

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Birch Society. Nor did he have a single word to say about his stand on civil rights, despite the obvious fact that it was regarded by National Committee members as the key to the magnitude of the Republican defeat. Both issues, it should be remembered, incited the harshest conflicts at the San Francisco convention.

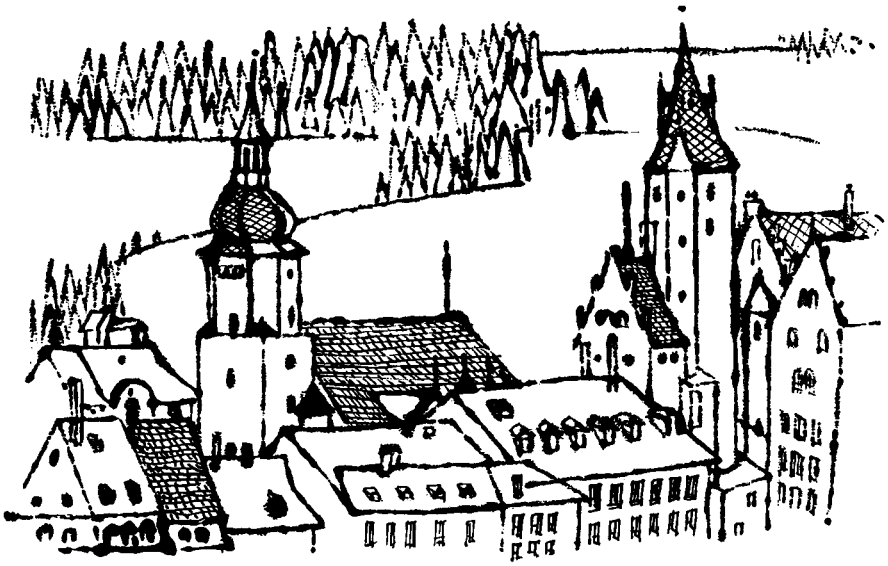
The 'Heartland' Takes Over

Goldwater's opponents chose not to cite these omissions in the hope that the Chicago façade of unity could be maintained at least long enough for Ray Bliss to bring the party appreciably closer to the political Center. The new national chairman, who described himself as "a realistic politician" concerned first with finding a new finance chairman, avoided any entanglement in policy questions. Asked about his 1962 report advocating G.O.P. precinct efforts in minority wards of the big cities, he said merely that he wanted to take another look at the question.

Bliss's reticence is partly personal and partly expedient. A man who knows how to interpret election returns, the Ohioan probably realizes that the normal Republican recovery to be expected next year could be prevented by legislative reapportionment and by increased Negro registration in the South. Such a development would hardly enhance Bliss's reputation as (to quote his own wry words) "a modern miracle man."

His probable approach, therefore, will be to avoid antagonizing the right-wingers while working for the nomination in 1966 of candidates in the Taft and late-Eisenhower tradition. For most of three decades, according to the party's own opinion figures, the G.O.P. has been losing ground while under the leadership of the "Eastern Establishment" and, for one year of aberration, of an extreme conservative whose appeal was limited to fringe elements.

Chicago gave strong indications that the G.O.P. now may find its middle ground among its traditional conservatives, particularly Midwesterners. Already the "heartland" is firmly in control of the Republicans in Congress under the aegis of Senator Dirksen and Representative Gerald W. Ford.



The Windischgraetz Caper

GEORGE BAILEY

VIENNA

A FEW YEARS AGO I casually mentioned to some Hungarian friends that I had lunched the day before with Prince Lajos Windischgraetz. At this my host made a bee line for the piano, struck up a rousing tune, and sang these words:

In the castle—is it true, my love?—
They are counterfeiting francs—
Is it true, my love?
Every evening—is it true, my love?—
Presses working overtime—
Ah, 'tis true, my love!
Then they take them to The Hague
and convert them into good Dutch
gulden, love—
Yes, but there are stern conversion rates
And payment is a prison cell
for good Prince Windischgraetz.

Lajos Windischgraetz, now in his eighties, was the scapegoat in the Hungarian counterfeiting scandal of 1925-1926, without question the greatest exposé of government forgery in history. But the project itself, its detection, and the subsequent trial and aftermath were so gorgeously silly that they can be fully appreciated only against the broad background of the dissolution of the Austro-Hungarian Empire and Hungary's efforts to regain territory lost under the terms of the Treaty of Trianon in 1920. This background is provided in Windischgraetz's autobiography, *Helden und Halunken* ("Heroes and Rogues"). The book, which was recently published in Vienna, became a best-seller overnight.

Windischgraetz was an "army brat" born to the purple, the typical product of the old monarchy's military nobility, the son of the Inspector General of the Austro-Hungarian Army and the grandson of Field Marshal Windischgraetz who put down the revolution in 1848. The Austro-Hungarian Empire before the First World War was a loosely organized nepotism reinforced by hereditary privilege. In this society, Windischgraetz's position was peculiarly advantageous. As a member of the *Uradel* (the aristocracy antedating the thirteenth century) and a prince of the Holy Roman Empire, Windischgraetz was assured entrée among the highest circles. Nonetheless, his rank was not so exalted as to bar him from access to the lowly. Thus he moved with ease through

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the ossified strata of the monarchy.

When Windischgraetz was twenty-two, his widowed mother, using family and social connections, secured for him the post of adjutant to General Hübner, the empire's official observer in the Russo-Japanese War. At the front Windischgraetz was attached to the Third Don Cossack Division, part of a force of twenty-five thousand horsemen engaged in the ill-fated raid on the Japanese-held harbor of Chinchou. When the raid failed and the entire corps was taken prisoner by the Japanese, Windischgraetz, who had just witnessed the last massive use of cavalry in military history, was of course treated as an honored guest.

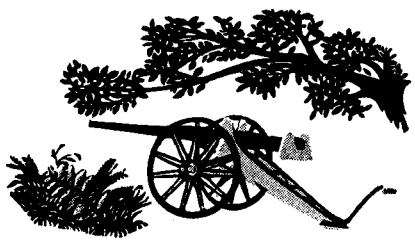
When the war was over Windischgraetz returned home via the United States, where he was lionized by San Francisco society because the word had been passed that he was the cousin of the Emperor Franz Joseph. He was not. But a distant relative of his family had married a distant relative of the royal family and that was enough. His social success in San Francisco and his derivative fame from the Chinchou raid attracted the attention of the cavalryman Theodore Roosevelt, with the result that Windischgraetz spent three days in Washington as the guest of the President. This led to a visit to West Point, where the cadets passed in review before Windischgraetz—and General Hübner—and the prince gave a lecture on the cavalry tactics employed during the final phase of the Russo-Japanese War.

At the age of twenty-five, Windischgraetz achieved his majority according to Hungarian law and with it his hereditary right to a seat in the Hungarian House of Lords. He volunteered for service as an espionage agent in the prelude to the First World War and spent three weeks in Belgrade working as a waiter in a large restaurant and reconnoitering the city's fortifications in his spare time.

The prince often struggled in the toils of his family's ramified connections. He spent the first three weeks of the World War as a liaison officer at the court of the King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, who had somehow determined that they were related. As a result the king tearfully vented all his troubles—military, political, domestic, and personal—on his hapless "cousin."

Government by Forgers

The empire had troubles too. Among the mosaic of nations that composed it, the only one that was organized as a compact national state was Hungary; everything else was called Austria. When Admiral Miklós Horthy restored the Kingdom of Hungary without a king in 1920, by setting himself up as regent, Budapest became the base of efforts to restore the monarchy as well as the center of agitation for the irredentist movement. This had as its goal the recovery of the former Hungarian territories and Hungarian populations that had been assigned by the Allies to Czechoslovakia, Romania, and Yugoslavia. After the death in exile of the last Habsburg emperor, Karl, in 1922, all hopes of restoring the monarchy in a revamped form were destroyed. Without the imperial context, the irredentist movement became one of Hungarian nationalism. Though there were sincere patriots and old-fashioned gentlemen in the movement, it was led by an assortment of opportunists and scoundrels, well represented by Admiral Horthy and his successive premiers, who undertook an extraordinary experiment



on a broad European scale: forgery by government and government by forgers.

Immediately after Horthy came to power, the Hungarian government began financing its large and numerous irredentist groups in the occupied territories with the proceeds from the counterfeiting of Czech and Romanian bank notes. As the old Hungarian crown notes were still in use, this was accomplished merely by affixing the stamp of the two successor states on Hungarian currency. In 1923, the foreign minister, Count Paul Teleki, launched a more ambitious program for the counterfeiting of the new Czech crowns. But it was Windischgraetz (who, according to his autobiography, underwent the transformation from restorationist to irredentist with some misgivings) who happened upon the grandiose scheme involving the forgery of French francs by the billion.

DURING a visit to Germany in 1923, Windischgraetz met with a number of German leaders, including Chancellor Gustav Stresemann. Stresemann hinted to him that there were plans afoot to bring the nation out of the financial difficulties created by Allied demands for reparations. Prince Löwenstein, the president of the German National Klub, informed Windischgraetz that the plans involved the forging en masse of French francs and English pound notes, the proceeds from which were to be used to strengthen the German money market. The Germans had already conducted a thorough study of the technical possibilities for all phases of production, even developing a new process for the production of bank-note paper. In order to avoid the danger of discovery by Allied agents or Social Democrats, the Germans wanted to set up the presses and other equipment in Hungary and to send German specialists to operate them. Windischgraetz returned to Budapest with a definite proposal from government to government. The Germans agreed to remit half of the proceeds from the entire operation to Hungary.

The Hungarian government jumped at the chance. Pleading that he could not afford to know about the operation in detail, Count Stephen Bethlen, then premier, appointed the chief of national police, Nadossy, to oversee all aspects of the operation. The state printing press of the Military Geographical Institute in Budapest was assigned the actual job of counterfeiting, and a major of the institute was put in charge of production.

The Hungarians figured that their net profit from the operation would be fifty million gold francs, part of which was to be used to support irredentist movements and part to influence the elections in Slovakia set for 1925. A second cellar was dug under the Military Geographical In-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stitute to provide additional space. These subterranean rooms were lined with steel and could be sealed off like the compartments of a submarine, if necessary, while all evidence was removed or, in case of dire emergency, demolished by built-in explosive charges. These precautions were necessary because of the various Allied commissions still operating in Hungary. The special machines arrived and were installed. The German specialists arrived, accompanied by two German officers, confidential agents of General Ludendorff. The pair negotiated a revision of the agreement with the Hungarians, according to which the disposal and conversion of the counterfeited notes would also be handled by the Hungarians in return for two-thirds of the total take instead of half as originally agreed. Apparently the Germans sensed that the wind was up and were trying to reduce their risk in the operation to a minimum. This anxiety seems to have escaped the Hungarians.

The Presses Roll

The work went on apace in two shifts of six hours each for a daily production total of four hundred notes in the denomination of one thousand francs. Meanwhile, a colonel of the Hungarian general staff had been sent abroad to study banking practices in various European countries, particularly the techniques used in transferring accounts.

In the spring of 1924, Windischgraetz noted that both Bethlen and Teleki were gradually withdrawing from direct involvement with the operation by referring all pertinent questions to subordinates and resigning from their leading positions within the irredentist organizations. Windischgraetz concluded that they were merely being overcautious in covering themselves.

The production of the franc notes was not completed until the fall of 1925—too late for the Slovakian elections. As a specialist in banking practices, the president of the Post Office Savings Fund was brought in to decide on the best means of converting the forgeries. The method he finally settled on was that of renting safe-deposit boxes and depositing sums of money in them against receipts issued by a bank official. The receipts certifying that such deposits had been made could then be used either as tender in payment or as negotiable certificates in stock-market transactions. The specific advantage of the method was that the money, in the first instance of deposit, did not undergo scrutiny, the bank official being mainly concerned with ascertaining the exact amount to be deposited. As a last precaution another colonel of the general staff, Aristide von Jankovich, was sent out to study the French method of packing and binding franc notes. Von Jankovich was also appointed chief of the group of army officers en-

trusted with conversion. These officers were sworn to secrecy by the chief of army chaplains, a bishop. They were provided with a variety of false passports by the foreign ministry and given the status of diplomatic couriers. By this means the money was transported for safekeeping in Hungarian embassies throughout Europe. By the end of autumn, 1925, all the necessary preparations had been made and the final phase of the operation awaited only the signal from Premier Bethlen. The signal never came.

THE IRREDENTISTS were growing restive. For many months they had been fed with promises of funds to be received upon completion of the operation. Because the promises had to be made credible, a great many more people than was safe had been apprised of the project. But nothing happened. For two full months the operation was neither called on nor called off. Then, at the beginning of December, the blow fell.

On his way to The Hague, Colonel von Jankovich, the specialist in packing and binding, disobeyed orders and spent the night in Rotterdam, where he met two members of the Hungarian embassy who were to undertake the safe-depositing of part of the money. Unable to contain his enthusiasm, von Jankovich unwrapped one package of notes in his hotel room to show his two colleagues the quality of the workmanship. As Jankovich rewrapped the package, three of the forged notes fell unnoticed to the floor. Discovering them some time later, von Jankovich put them in his wallet for reinclusion in the package at the embassy. Before arriving at the embassy, however, von Jankovich went to a bank to change money for his own incidental expenses and inadvertently passed one of the forged notes. The teller immediately detected the forgery, whereupon von Jankovich tried to hide the remaining two notes in a sock. He was apprehended, lost his head completely, and confessed everything he knew.

The moment the news reached Budapest, National Police Chief Nadossy telegraphed all couriers to destroy the money and return to Hungary. With the exception of three couriers in Holland—von Jankovich having implicated his two companions—and one en route from Copenhagen (who tried to pass some of the forged notes for his own profit), all returned to Budapest without incident.

At this point Bethlen took over. All connections between the counterfeiters and the Hungarian government, he declared, were to be denied. In order to keep up appearances, the state police would search for the culprits and they would have to be successful.

Next Bethlen called a conference of all officers and officials involved. He announced that for several weeks French detectives had been at work in Hungary. Using genuine franc notes to bribe underpaid Hungarian

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

officials, the French had discovered a great deal concerning the affair. Strangely, most of their information pointed to Windischgraetz. It was decided to use scapegoats as a means of concealing the government's connection. Windischgraetz objected that the idea was totally unrealistic. The next day the government approached Windischgraetz with the suggestion that he "make a noble gesture" by assuming all blame. Windischgraetz replied that he was willing to assume his share of the blame but no more. Three days later he was presented with a criminal-court summons. When he answered the summons, he was presented with charges filed by the French, who accused him of keeping the counterfeiting machinery in his own home. A house search proved the charge unfounded, and Windischgraetz was released under the surveillance of two Hungarian detectives, who ostensibly were assigned to protect him from the French. Windischgraetz's persistent attempts to consult with the premier resulted only in Bethlen's transmitted request that he desist so as not to lead the French detectives to the head of the government. The premier also asked Windischgraetz to use his influence with the liberal Hungarian press to exercise more restraint in their treatment of the scandal. Then Nadossy appeared and told Windischgraetz that the two of them had been selected as the scapegoats. Shortly thereafter both were arrested.

The Plot Thickens

While making the statement that was expected of him, Windischgraetz pointed out that if the government failed to keep faith with the officers and officials involved, all documents concerning the affair, copies of which he had placed in safekeeping abroad, would be released to the international press. There followed a highly involved procedure of coordinating the confessions. This was further complicated by negotiations between the government and the accused—each of whom possessed damning evidence against the other—to agree on the terms of sacrifice and protection. The middlemen from the premier's office were obliged to enter the cells of the accused disguised as prison guards in order to avoid discovery by the omnipresent French detectives (French officials, as co-claimants, were present during all phases of the interrogation). Complete agreement was never reached; there were too many conflicting interests involved. The French ambassador let it be known that all charges against Windischgraetz would be dropped if Windischgraetz would

agree to implicate the government directly and thus encompass the overthrow of the Horthy clique. Windischgraetz refused, considering that Hungary was in enough trouble already. Among other proposals, the government promised Windischgraetz immediate release if he would allow himself to be declared insane. It was added that this would also greatly simplify the prosecution's case.

When Windischgraetz finally received the thoroughly distorted forty-page indictment, he was so angry that he wrote a sixteen-page memorandum to Admiral Horthy. Horthy returned the memorandum without comment. Shortly thereafter, Windischgraetz was astonished to find Premier Bethlen and the chief justice of Hungary in his cell disguised as prison guards. This was the climax of the comedy. Bethlen produced a bottle of Scotch and profusely thanked Windischgraetz for his restraint during the interrogations. He then came to the real point of his visit: what were the terms of the agreement between Windischgraetz and Horthy? Windischgraetz later discovered that Horthy and Bethlen were each trying to use the counterfeiting scandal in order to bring about the downfall of the other.

The trial took place in Budapest in 1926. Only the most privileged managed to get tickets. In his testimony, Nadossy absolved the government and implicated Windischgraetz as the chief culprit, but he contended that everyone involved had been moved by purely patriotic motives. Windischgraetz declared himself not guilty as charged, maintaining that he had acted under orders from a higher authority which he refused to name. An additional sensation was provided when a witness for the defense, a member of parliament, was poisoned at a dinner party a few hours before he was to take the stand. The members of the court proceeded to the man's hospital bed, where in his final agony he gave damaging evidence against the government, which the court, however, discounted.

THE HIGH POINT of the trial was the appearance of the premier in the witness stand. Bethlen denied all knowledge of the counterfeiting operation. Windischgraetz, he said, had approached him with a plan to unify the irredentists, but had been referred by him to Nadossy as the responsible authority. All that had happened had been worked out between Nadossy and Windischgraetz. At the conclusion of his testimony, Bethlen was asked if he thought that Windischgraetz had acted out of selfish motives. "Windischgraetz," said Bethlen the rogue, "is a gentleman."

In its finding the court paid tribute to the selfless motives of Windischgraetz and his co-defendant Nadossy—and then sentenced them to four years' imprisonment. The Bank of France waived its claims and settled for the symbolic compensation of one franc (genuine). This noble gesture was made on an eminently practical consideration: Windischgraetz, with his bewildering network of personal contacts, knew too much about France's own counterfeiting activities during its occupation of the Ruhr in 1923. The French were grateful for Windischgraetz's not having cited France as a successful practitioner of large-scale forgery by government.

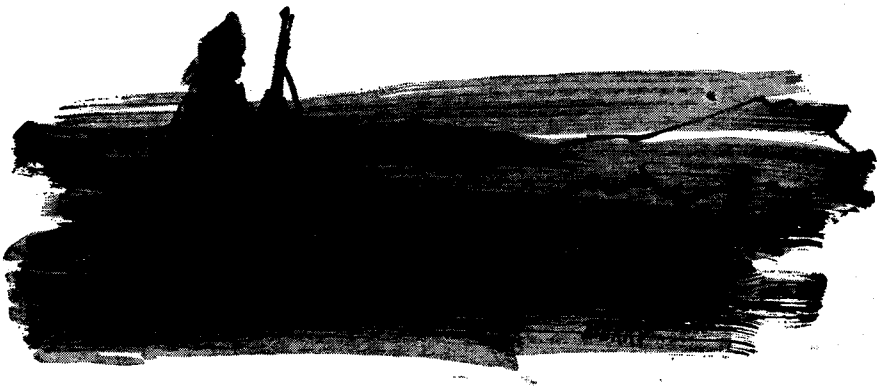
In its fashion the Hungarian government lived up to the terms of the agreement. After six months of

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

highly irregular prison life (meals were brought in from the best restaurant in Budapest), Windischgraetz was transferred to a penal sanatorium and thence released under lessening degrees of surveillance. But there followed a campaign of public denigration to assure the permanent political ostracism of Windischgraetz. The campaign was successful: in political terms neither Windischgraetz nor the irredentists survived the counterfeiting scandal.

THE AFTERMATH of the story is typical of the whole. In 1930 the Royal Hungarian Supreme Council of Honor, a group of the nobility, absolved Windischgraetz of all blame in the counterfeiting scandal and attested to his having acted exclusively on the orders of higher authority. In 1936, in response to requests from French friends and despite preventive attempts of the Hungarian government, Windischgraetz used his connections with French intelligence to secure passage to Paris. There he learned in the office of the chief of the Sûreté that Horthy himself, impatient with the delaying tactics of the cautious Bethlen, had pressed for the completion of the counterfeiting scheme as a means of financing the irredentists. For the edification of Windischgraetz, the Sûreté produced from its archives a photostatic copy of the order for the printing of the franc notes. The document contained specific reference to a directive from the cabinet council of the Regent. But no one except a few of those directly involved knew the actual scope of the operation. Almost forty years later, and not without a touch of pride, Windischgraetz wrote: "Until today no one has learned that in November 1925 counterfeit money in the amount of one and one half billion francs, comprising a bulk of paper large enough to fill one and one half railroad freight cars, was produced . . . that the Ministries of Foreign Affairs, the Interior, War, and Finance worked together for three years on the production of the forgeries, and no one knew that the Regent of Hungary and his Prime Minister had ordered the carrying out of the counterfeiting. . . ."

No one except the Sûreté, that is.



Ayub's 'Basic Democracy'

RAWLE KNOX

RAWALPINDI

IN MANY WAYS Mohammed Ayub Khan's election to the presidency of Pakistan on January 2 was a remarkable occasion, as remarkable as the man himself. As commander-in-chief of the Pakistan Army, Ayub had quietly seized power in 1958, after watching with disgust a series of shaky coalition governments reduce the newly created nation to chaos. He set out to "clean up the mess" with an efficiency he had learned as a cadet at Sandhurst. But the Pakistanis, he felt, were not ready for full democracy; Ayub imposed, instead, a limited one, based on the election of a single representative, known as a "basic democrat," for every thousand to fifteen hundred people. In 1962, a constitution was drawn up that broadened the functions of the basic democrats to include the election of future presidents. On January 2, following the dictates of his own constitution, Ayub presented himself in a free election after having ruled for six years. His opposition was no sham. Miss Fatimah Jinnah, candidate of the Combined Opposition Parties, bears a renowned name. Her brother, Mohammed Ali Jinnah, who led the fight for independence as head of the Moslem League, became Pakistan's first president and died in 1948, thirteen months after the country was founded.

The fifty-seven-year-old Ayub, who is the son of an army bugler and rose to be a field marshal, is hardly a modest man, though he contrives to be humble in public. When he learned that he had beaten Miss Jinnah, he remarked, "God has saved Pakistan."

Perhaps God had, but if so, He received a considerable assist from Ayub's own government. So far as I could tell from observing Rawalpindi's main polling station on election day, voting was free and fair. The police were everywhere; there was a general air of uneasiness in the city; but even Miss Jinnah's manager did not claim there had been any cheating. During the campaign, however, her coalition party had called the government a dictatorship, and to support the charge had started a rumor that the government would punish anyone who voted for Miss Jinnah. Ayub's supporters cheerfully encouraged this story, and by the time the voting took place, the president's opposition was thoroughly intimidated. On the night of the election I met a member of the electoral college who was busy getting himself drunk. "Last night," he said tearfully, "I promised all my friends I'd vote for Miss Jinnah. Today I voted for Ayub. What can I say tomorrow?"

What indeed? And what at any time could Miss Jinnah's supporters say of their policies? Five of the old political parties that Ayub had demolished in his 1958 coup supported Miss Jinnah. Four were basically

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Islamic and conservative, though one of them had strong undertones of Bengali nationalism. East Pakistan, a thousand miles away geographically and worlds away culturally from Rawalpindi, holds more than half of Pakistan's 110 million population—and it is solidly Bengali, resenting the "domination" of West Pakistan. Another of the five parties is also Bengali but strongly sympathetic to China and has pro-Chinese Communist support. Not even Miss Jinnah's name could give the voters confidence in such a coalition.

Debate during the election campaign was conducted with the utmost simplicity. Miss Jinnah said Ayub was a dictator; he said he wasn't. That was about it.

MISS JINNAH is quite as exceptional a character as Ayub. Seventy-one, according to her count—though she admits that she may be seventy-seven because the Jinnah family never bothered to record their birth dates—she is as haughty and aristocratic as her late brother. It is doubtful whether she has much feeling for democracy, although during the campaign she stood for democracy "British style." Shortly after Ayub took power in 1958, I paid a call on her. She asked pointedly how many centuries it had taken Britain to achieve true democracy. Pakistan was only eleven years old, she said, and Islam was essentially a religion of democracy.

Nonetheless, Miss Jinnah has little time for the underprivileged and she showed it clearly enough during this election campaign. Among her backers, only Maulana Bhashani, the left-wing East Bengali leader, had any important working-class following, and he didn't even bother to pull his weight toward the end, when he became convinced that if Miss Jinnah were elected he would be kept out of the government by the religious conservatives in her coalition. Although the woman who is still revered as "Mother of the nation" gave a remarkable display of stamina during the campaign, some of her acid comments didn't help her cause. "I thought," she said at one railway station besieged by her supporters, "that those persons were here to vote for me, not to crush me to death." This haughtiness and her lack of any sort of concrete program beyond the vague demand for restoration of democracy in Pakistan had little appeal for the members of the electoral college, the "basic democrats."

Soldiers and Citizens

As a good army officer, Ayub believed in his troops. In the first eleven years of Pakistan's independence, he had seen enough of his new country's politicians to conclude that the men he had as soldiers were far better than the men who ruled the country. And so he entrusted the task of building democracy to the common people.

There are eighty thousand basic democrats (BDs), forty thousand each from East and West Pakistan. They are supposed to be the good citizens, good countrymen—the army has recruited almost entirely from farming people—who would choose from their hearts. Unfortunately, money entered rapidly into the picture, and Ayub's BDs came to bear a remarkable similarity to those ex-politicians whom he had barred as corruptors of the nation.

The BDs are by no means the equivalent of the U.S. Electoral College. In the first place, they have limited local duties, acting, one might say, as minor sheriffs and drawing a small salary. Second, though they may loudly tell the electorate whom they will vote for when the presidential election comes up, they are not morally bound to go by what they have said; each man's vote is very much his own. The election of BDs by universal suffrage took place during last October and November, with the presidential election scheduled for March. Cynics—and they included most educated Pakistanis—assumed that the time lag would be used in "persuading" members of the electoral college of the wisdom of voting for the government. In fact, a wave of revolt against Ayub's government gathered strength. Riots broke out in Dacca, the capital of East Pakistan, and in Karachi; there was considerable unrest everywhere. The intellectuals, the students, and the industrial workers made common cause against what they considered Ayub's association with the "big-bellied men."

Though a thoroughgoing democrat in comparison with Nasser, who is considered a socialist hero in Pakistan, Ayub was even pictured as the reincarnation of Hitler. Time obviously was running against him, and he advanced the date of the election to January 2. This was doubly convenient. On the first of every month Ayub makes a regular broadcast to the nation; and January 2 was only a few days before the start of the Muslim fasting month of Ramadan when energies flag and tempers rise. As Ayub well knew, no campaign—military or political—is ever begun during Ramadan.

Ayub won by about fifty thousand votes to Miss Jinnah's twenty-eight thousand. There were a couple of crackpot candidates besides, one of whom had suggested that Ayub and Miss Jinnah withdraw and each give him $3 million. There were spoiled votes and a few abstentions, but Ayub won handsomely and his victory stunned a very confident opposition.

The mystery is why the opposition

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

should have been so confident. They stood for nothing. Some of Miss Jinnah's supporters admitted to me that she would have proved "far more dictatorial" than Ayub, notwithstanding her avowals of democracy. They deluded themselves into believing that Ayub was so widely hated that he would lose, especially in East Pakistan and in Karachi, where Miss Jinnah has made her home. (He did lose the Karachi, Dacca, and Chittagong Divisions.)

AYUB'S POPULARITY is easier to explain. Since independence—and particularly under Ayub—Pakistan has prospered as never before. A certain amount of inflation has inevitably accompanied rapid industrial expansion, but price rises are modest compared with those of India. Last year's grain harvest and such cash crops as jute were excellent; farmers are doing well. The country is receiving roughly a million dollars a day in economic aid, not to mention military assistance, practically all of it from the United States. The World Bank has approved Finance Minister Mohammed Shoaib's policies of liberalism toward private enterprise, and despite Ayub's habit of inveighing against the evils and follies of American policy, American business has not been deterred from steadily increasing its investment in Pakistan.

As a member of the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization (SEATO) and the Central Treaty Organization (CENTO), Pakistan remains allied to the West. SEATO members complain that Pakistan is more of a nuisance than an asset, but because of its Muslim ties, Pakistan takes a more active interest in CENTO.

Despite this continued affiliation, Ayub stoutly criticizes the United States and Britain because they have provided increased arms aid to India since the Chinese invasion of 1962. But even though there is reason to believe, with Ayub, that India has overstated the danger from China in order to get more aid from the West, there is no evidence to support Ayub's own charge that India is going to attack Pakistan. Pakistan's much-publicized friendship with China is equally flimsy: Peking has offered credits, but little else. Pakistan may be cool to the

West in public, but privately the West is doing all right with Pakistan.

Ayub's difficulties lie in his "image," and his image inside Pakistan is by no means the same as it is abroad. It is difficult for a foreigner to dislike that bluff yet suave country gentleman in tweeds, even when he is explaining that everything you are doing is wrong. But for Pakistanis, everything that goes on is obviously nearer the bone. There is, for instance, the law introduced by the Ayub government that a landlord may not possess more than three hundred arable acres. Ayub has at least four holdings larger than the legal limit, and the people know it. His son, Gohar Ayub, has been formally charged with shooting and killing a man during the post-election riots in Karachi.

In Pakistan, such matters are of great concern to the educated classes. In the mounting tension just before the election, the civil service became fiercely split between supporters of Ayub and Miss Jinnah. Since one faction will certainly inform on the other, it will take some time for the administration to get back into shape.

The Next Round

The elections for the national assembly and the provincial assemblies of East and West Pakistan are set for spring. Miss Jinnah hasn't given up the fight. Nor has Lieutenant General Azam Khan, one of Ayub's men in the original coup, whom the president made governor general of East Pakistan. Unfortunately for him, he proved the most popular governor general that West Pakistan had ever sent to the East, and when he had the temerity to compete directly with Ayub for public favor, he was finished. But he re-emerged at Miss Jinnah's skirtside during the election campaign, rather uneasily finding himself a colleague of the leftist Maulana Bhashani, whom he had once recommended be shot. Pakistanis, however, have short memories, and even shorter expectations. It is quite possible that Ayub was elected because one-third of the basic democrats had enjoyed the fruits of office for the past five years and were re-elected and liked it. They may not like his candidates for the assembly. They may hold out for a price. He could, of course, run the government with an adverse assembly, but it wouldn't be a happy administration.

Ayub relied upon the basic good sense of the Pakistanis in framing his constitution. But as a result of the long years of government corruption and pusillanimity that followed independence, the nation grew more and more cynical. To check this cynicism, Ayub will have to change his approach to the people. For one thing, he might learn not to accept adulation at its face value. Any outsider who watched the congratulatory queues, largely composed of persons who had voted for Miss Jinnah, waiting to pay homage to the newly elected president got a fresh lesson in Pakistani politics—but Ayub seems to regard it as his due. He is out of touch with the people, as one is often reminded by the notation at the end of a day's communiqué that "the president enjoyed a round of golf."

HOWEVER VENAL some of the basic democrats may have turned out to be, the majority of Pakistanis are solid citizens who expect their president to be one of themselves. Thus Ayub's political problems are internal, rather than external. If he can maintain and reinforce his leadership at home, he will remain—however infuriating he may sometimes seem to the West—the West's only sound bet in Pakistan.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

John J. Williams, Watchdog of the Senate

LAURENCE STERN

"If a senator has done something wrong, he did it to himself," explains Senator John J. Williams (R., Delaware). "I didn't put him there and nobody else did—no, sir. We ought to investigate him just like we would do anyone else."

The voice is toneless and austere, like the deep creases that frame his mouth. The manner is country-store Methodist: folksy, frugal, and candid. The craftiness shows only in the way the brows arch and the eyes narrow when he talks.

After Williams had prodded his colleagues into investigating the gilded private world of Bobby Baker late in 1963, Senator B. Everett Jordan (D., North Carolina), the chairman of the Senate Rules Committee, had incautiously predicted that the Baker case would soon be wrapped up. But the investigation sputters on under the deft prods of Williams—a canceled check here, an incriminating affidavit there, a cryptic memo on Senate stationery, a taunting speech on the Senate floor. "It's far from over," Williams told a small group of newsmen when the hearings were recessed in the middle of December. "I'll be following the committee's work with great interest. They can't whitewash it."

For his efforts in the Baker probe, Williams has been accused by Democrats of perjury, publicity seeking, election-year partisanship, and—in the most wounded tones of all—not sharing all his information on Baker with the Democratic majority on the Rules Committee. But Williams, one of the Senate's most exasperating loners, is not ruffled by this sort of obloquy. "It's like a group of small boys delaying a trip to the woodshed," he mused in one speech.

One of the few displays of personal vanity in which Williams indulges himself is the exhibit of autographed newspaper cartoons that covers an entire wall of his Senate office. The drawings depict him as the scourge of rascality in government—especially of rascals at the public trough. The theme is uniform: the triumph of the foxy country boy over a rogues' gallery of tax cheats, corrupt public officials, junketing congressmen, and assorted malefactors. Also among Williams's most prized trophies are "distinguished service" plaques from the American Political

Science Association and Americans for Constitutional Action (coupled with the distinction of a zero voting rating from the AFL-CIO). And there is a giant pair of pasteboard shears to symbolize Williams's war on waste.

But behind the folksy façade is one of the shrewdest showmen in the United States Senate. One of his most memorable performances was a joust with former law school dean Wayne Morse (D., Oregon). Williams had attacked Representative Adam Clayton Powell (D., New York) for the Harlemite's 1962 junket to European night spots with two beauties from his staff. Until then, Powell's capers had been the subject of cloakroom gossip but had never been spread out in the imperishable pages of the *Congressional Record*. Morse rose to demand that Williams's explicit remarks be expunged.

Williams, nicknamed "Whispering Willie" in the press gallery because of his small-voiced, staccato delivery, answered like a prosecutor bringing out inadmissible testimony before a jury.

"I did not discuss this person's conduct in the House of Representatives," said Williams. "I never said one word yesterday, nor will I today, about this person having relatives on the public payroll who are not working. I am not calling attention to it today.

"I will not mention the fact that his wife is on his payroll, nor will I raise any question as to whether she does any work. Neither will I say that he is not fulfilling his duties and is guilty of a great deal of absenteeism. I will not call attention to that fact. I did not say it yesterday."

After hearing repeated references to Powell as "this very good friend of the Senator from Oregon," Morse patiently protested. Powell, he said, was an "acquaintance" and a "colleague" but it was a "false assumption" to call him a very good friend.

"I shall be glad to ask that the *Record* show clearly that the Senator from Oregon is not a good friend of the gentleman whom we are discussing," said Williams.

"No," Morse countered wearily. "The Senator is just as fallacious in that comment."

"Then the Senator from Oregon will have to bring out his position," said Williams. "I am trying to do the best I can."

A Conservative's Conscience

The conservative convictions of Williams are both devout and awesomely consistent. Unlike some of the conservative ideologues in the Senate, Williams votes against oil-depletion and business-subsidy programs as well as social-welfare legislation. He turns down agricultural supports for his personal farm enterprises. He even scorns the perquisites of senatorial office. Williams insists, for instance, on refunding the unspent portion of his stationery allowance and has crusaded effectively against Congressional junk-mail privileges and over-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

seas junketing. Although his voting record is often compared with that of Barry Goldwater, Williams parted company with the Arizonan on the civil-rights issue and voted for the 1964 bill and also for cloture.

"John is completely his own man," said one liberal Democratic colleague. "On social issues he's an ultraconservative, and we disagree vehemently. But he's an honest conservative who is willing to take on the big boys. When they're trying to steal the Capitol Dome, he's with us."

Williams's state has been called, with good reason, the Duchy of du Pont. To members of the Wilmington-based du Pont dynasty, the presence of a home-state boy and fiscal conservative as the ranking Republican on the Senate Finance Committee is not an unhappy circumstance.

But even the du Ponts have found Williams intractable when their interests collided with his views on public policy. In late 1959 the du Pont Company asked Congress for tax-relief legislation after twelve years of tedious litigation concerning eventual divestiture of some $3.5 billion worth of General Motors stock on which the du Ponts faced the prospect of being taxed at regular income rates.

Originally du Pont had lobbied for a bill, obligingly introduced by Delaware's Democratic Senator J. Allen Frear, to tax the stock at negligible rates of less than seven per cent. When the bill reached the Finance Committee, on which both Delaware senators served, it was Williams who scuttled it in a cliff-hanging 8-7 vote. Supporting Williams against his richest constituent was an improbable alliance that included Senator Harry Byrd (D., Virginia) and Senator Paul Douglas (D., Illinois). As Williams later explained: "It would have put the stockholders in the position of making money by losing a court case. It wouldn't be fair."

Williams and Byrd went on to write an amendment to the tax laws that did cushion the tax impact on the du Ponts by permitting the stockholders to pay at the lower capital-gains rate. After the Kennedy administration conferred its blessings on the compromise, it was enacted by Congress. Williams stressed in a recent interview that he doesn't own a penny's worth of du Pont stock.

Williams does not observe party lines in his investigatory activities. He was the first Republican in the Senate to demand the resignation of Sherman Adams during the regulatory-agency scandals of the Eisenhower administration. And, during the Truman years, he put Republican National Chairman Guy G. Gabrielson on the spot along with Democratic Chairman William M. Boyle, Jr., for representing private firms in dealings with the now defunct Reconstruction Finance Corporation. "If I am ever caught covering up for anyone because of his political affiliation or position," he commented at the time, "I will be equally as guilty as that person of

whatever he has done." More recently, in the Baker case, Williams said: "I don't believe that either party has a monopoly on good men—or scandals."

It may be his keen sense of political folk tradition, but Williams insists that his values were shaped in the woodshed of his father's Delaware farm. When he was seventeen, he is fond of recalling, he announced to his father that he was man enough to make his own decisions. "You're a man, sure enough," agreed the senior Williams. "But as long as you keep your feet under my table, you're taking orders from me." Conceivably, the senator's distrust of Big Government may be traced back to that very day.

The following year, he and a brother went into the chicken-feed and broiler business in Millsboro, Delaware, where chickens have long outnumbered people. Williams Super Chicken Feed and the productive Williams hens eventually made him a millionaire. In 1946, the farm boy turned squire decided to run for the United States Senate.

This shy, stammering poultryman from the sparsely populated Eastern Shore was made to order for Delaware Republicans that year. They were looking for a sacrificial lamb who could pay his own campaign debts in the face of an almost certain Democratic sweep. Williams's opponent was his friend and attorney, New Deal Democrat James Tunnell, the popular incumbent. They traveled the hustings together, and Williams confounded everyone by winning.

In 1947, Drew Pearson pronounced this assessment of Williams: "A grain dealer and turkey raiser who pretends to be an expert statesman. Williams is out of place in the Senate. Class D Rating." It was the same year that the freshman from Delaware started his detective operations. Several constituents complained to him that the Wilmington office of the Internal Revenue Service was billing them for taxes already paid. Williams went to Wilmington and after rummaging through the files found that he too was carried as a delinquent taxpayer. He dug out his canceled check for the tax bill he had already paid and went on the warpath. After Williams had exposed the case on the Senate floor, the deputy collector responsible confessed that he had embezzled more than $30,000 from tax accounts; he was sent to prison.

Then there was a tip from a Delaware constituent about a tax-fixing ring operating in New York. Once again Williams began his solitary digging. His staff consisted of his Capitol Hill secretary, Eleanor Lenhart. The trail led from New York to St. Louis, Boston, and Philadelphia. The evidence he uncovered eventually led to a series of grand jury and Congressional committee hearings, and the indictments and convictions started pouring out by the score. The prosecutions reached high into Washington officialdom, netting Assistant Attorney General T. Lamar Caudle and White House Appointments Secretary Matthew Connelly. The fruits of the Williams investigation became the basis of the Republican Party's 1952 battle cry

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

against "the mess in Washington."

One of the quickest ways to fame on Capitol Hill is the Congressional investigation. The klieg lights and waves of Washington journalists that are attracted to the investigative hearing rooms assure a saturation level of publicity. The dean of senatorial sleuths, of course, is John L. McClellan (D., Arkansas), chairman of the Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations, who was catapulted to prominence by his labor-rackets hearings.

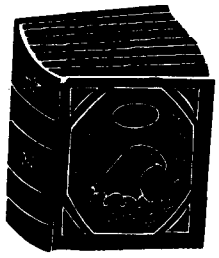
The Williams investigative technique is as primitive as it is unorthodox. He has no hearing hall, no staff, no money, no TV cameras. McClellan is the generalissimo over a small army of lawyers, investigators, clerical workers, and sometimes even star players like mobster Joe Valachi. Williams has Miss Lenhart.

Nonetheless, since he began exposing corruption in the Internal Revenue Service bureaucracy in 1947, Williams has been getting tips both from within and outside government. "I investigate them just like any newspaper reporter covers a story," he told me. "I get my facts straight, then I report them to the Senate."

When the Bobby Baker case broke into the headlines, Williams began receiving visits from erstwhile associates of the former Senate majority secretary. One was Baker's motel partner, Trudy Novak, a beehive blonde with a memory for figures; another was Baker's insurance partner, Don (Buck) Reynolds, who bought a hi-fi set in 1959 for Senator Lyndon B. Johnson and kept the receipts.

Williams's campaign against Sherman Adams began with a visit from Bernard Schwartz, the staff director for a House investigation into Federal regulatory agencies in 1958. Schwartz rebelled against what he feared would be a whitewash by the subcommittee by turning up at Williams's Hotel suite with a suitcase full of investigative files.

"I have a lively curiosity," confesses the Delaware senator, who likes nothing better than to spend an evening reading General Accounting Office reports. These blue-jacketed pamphlets, issued at the rate of about a dozen a week, each relate a minor story of governmental waste or ineptitude. "It's amazing how much information you can get from these reports, and yet very few members read them," Williams says with genuine incredulity. The GAO reports that most Washington newsmen file in their wastebaskets have often led to Congressional inquiries into overpricing and profiteering in defense industries, irregularities in the commodity-credit programs of the Agriculture Department, or the further bloating of the Himalayan heap that is the national stockpile.



If Williams is unorthodox in his approach to Capitol Hill sleuthing, he is also singular in his aloofness from the social life of the world's most exclusive and ingrown club, the Senate. He cannot abide the rites of Washington society, chief among them the cocktail party; he doesn't drink or smoke and prefers to go duck hunting.

It is one of Williams's private regrets that his investigative work completely overshadows his contribution to the Senate Finance Committee and other legislative activities. "He is a terribly useful member," said another Finance Committeeman. "Some of us are for subsidizing the poor but not the rich. Some are for subsidizing the rich to the exclusion of the poor. But John is the only one who is truly consistent—he's against subsidies for everybody. And he keeps us all on our toes."

But Williams played an important role in writing the tax-relief bill that permitted victims of the 1964 Alaskan earthquake to write off their losses in the present tax year, when the cash is needed, rather than waiting a year. He has also supported tax credits for parents to help defray the costs of college education.

As the Rules Committee reconvenes the Baker hearings this month, the spotlight inevitably will catch Williams in his accustomed role as the senatorial cop on the beat. He will be looking over the shoulder of Chairman Jordan, who regards Williams in the same light that a honey bear might a hornet. The hand that Williams will have tucked behind his back will be holding a canceled check, an affidavit, a cryptic memo, or the text of a blistering speech. And he will remain immovable until he feels that the Rules Committee has done its job.

Parks and Politics in Los Angeles

FAWN M. BRODIE

MAYOR SAM YORTY, now running for re-election against Representative James Roosevelt, is popular in Los Angeles; housewives especially are grateful to him for modernizing a fantastically antiquated rubbish-collection system. Irascible, volatile, unpredictable, and entirely engaging, he makes good newspaper copy, and his quarrels with Los Angeles' city council provide lively television and radio coverage. Yorty's supporters maintain that where there is so much dirty linen washed in public there can be very little corruption. Others claim that badly needed urban reforms, which the mayor favors, are being blocked by his unceasing squabbles with the city council. Roosevelt, who has represented California's 26th District in the House since 1955, describes Yorty's rule as "government by tantrum." Yorty retorts that he expected Roosevelt to conduct a very dirty campaign.

One of the more complicated problems in Mayor Yorty's city, and one that will certainly play a role in the coming election, is the proper disposition of its mountains. Los Angeles is the only great city in the United States with as many as sixteen thousand acres of wild land within its city limits.

The Santa Monica Mountains

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

comprise a wedge of relatively unspoiled greenery rising in places to two thousand feet and cutting across Los Angeles from City Hall to the Pacific. The highest and most rugged portion, still largely undeveloped, teems with deer, foxes, raccoons, and rattlesnakes, and looks down on West Los Angeles and Santa Monica to the south, and on the vast expanse of the San Fernando Valley to the north. This "wedge heart" of the Los Angeles basin is greener and, in summer, much cooler than the massive and largely barren watershed mountain ranges to the east and north. The Santa Monica Mountains are relatively low and manageable, already a great natural park.

They are presently being subdivided by local builders, who strip the green ridges bare of all the native chaparral and uproot every gnarled sycamore in the canyons. The mountains are not only being skinned but also gouged and flattened. With their natural contours destroyed, the mountains are terraced into tiny rice-paddy platforms, some of which sell as view lots for as high as fifty thousand dollars. There is a great deal of money to be made in these mountains, and the landowners, popularly referred to as the Mountain Mafia, are doing everything possible to prevent the proposed condemnation and purchase of this acreage by the state for a great park.

THE CHIEF citizens' group fighting to preserve the mountains is the Friends of the Santa Monica Mountains State Park, led by Donald Douglas, Jr., president of Douglas Aircraft, and Leonard Horwin, mayor of Beverly Hills. Its membership cuts across party lines and includes among its leaders liberal Democrats like Horwin and movie star Burt Lancaster, and conservative Republicans like Robert McClure, publisher of the Santa Monica *Evening Outlook,* and Henry Salvatori, finance co-ordinator for Barry Goldwater in Los Angeles. The powerful Sierra Club, the League of Women Voters, and many other civic groups have endorsed the Friends' plan to set aside the sixteen thousand acres as a regional park for the area's burgeoning population. There are seven million citizens in Los Angeles County now, and experts estimate that by the turn of the century an urban mass stretching from San Diego to Santa Barbara may well reach thirty million.

It seems to many observers that Mayor Yorty has faced the destruction of the city's mountain beauty and the loss of its last cheap park acreage with peculiar apathy, and his indifference may become one of his most vulnerable points in the coming mayoralty struggle. If James Roosevelt chooses to capitalize on the issue, he may well gain the support of Republicans who would otherwise never dream of voting for a Roosevelt.

Until recent years Los Angeles has been almost wholly indifferent to

conservation and civic beauty. The city is notoriously park-poor, ranking tenth among leading American cities in area devoted to parks (only four per cent of its acreage, compared with thirteen per cent in San Francisco and eighteen per cent in New York, is parkland). But in recent months, thousands of its citizens have come to feel strongly that subdivision of the Santa Monica Mountains at this juncture, when purchase of large acreage is possible, would be a civic crime comparable to cutting up Central Park or Golden Gate Park.

Mountainous Problems

Mayor Yorty is a maverick in the Democratic Party. He announced for Nixon in 1960 and he has been feuding with Governor Brown ever since. Roosevelt will be supported in the coming electoral fight not only by the governor but also by the chairman of the state Democratic Committee, Eugene Wyman, whose attractive wife, Rosalind, for eleven years a member of the Los Angeles city council, is now Yorty's bitterest foe at City Hall. Jesse Unruh of Los Angeles, speaker of the California house of representatives, is said to be moving decisively into Yorty's camp. The fate of the Santa Monica Mountains, therefore, is a political football currently being tossed from Democrat to Democrat, and as an accident of the interference, the citizens of Los Angeles may well lose their park altogether.

THIS has become clear only since the November election. Sixty per cent of the Los Angeles County citizens voted for the $150-million bond issue for state parks. Since they are likely to pay at least a third of this sum, they feel themselves entitled to a fair reward. But with long experience of unequal representation in Sacramento, they are certain that their demands will be whittled down in the legislative hearings in March, when the exact pie cutting takes place. Until reapportionment of the state senate is achieved during the coming summer, Thomas Rees will continue to be the only state senator representing Los Angeles County as against thirty-nine senators, most of them from northern California, who have a consistent record of voting against Los Angeles.

Los Angeles County has been definitely promised $12 million for small parks and beaches out of its $40-million slice of bond-issue funds. The big fight is over the division of the $85 million allocated for acquisition of new state parks and the $20 million for their development. There are seventy-five specific park requests already on file in Sacramento. The Douglas group has asked for $25 million for acquisition, and has developed an elaborate plan for supplementing this with a possible $9 million to be furnished by the Los Angeles County Sanitation District, which needs accessible canyons for city rubbish disposal and is willing to pay a good price for them (all rubbish dumps eventually become golf courses or parks). Once the state acquires the mountain land, it can petition for considerable additional Federal funds, which will be forthcoming under the provisions of the Land and Water Conservation Fund signed into law by President

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Johnson on September 3, 1964.

A preliminary study by the California Division of Beaches and Parks last December estimated that the sixteen thousand acres could be purchased for $30 million, or about two thousand dollars an acre. This sounds like a lot of money for wild land, but the Friends point out that New York City recently paid $100,000 an acre for an addition to Flushing Meadow Park. The $30 million would be less than the cost of the superb new Los Angeles Music Center, or two miles of the proposed Beverly Hills Freeway. Eighteen million is currently being spent in Los Angeles to widen a one-mile stretch of downtown freeway from eight to twelve lanes. When this was pointed out to Mayor Yorty by one park enthusiast, he replied, "There's plenty of money in this state; it's just not in the right places."

BEFORE last November's election, the Friends were led to believe that they had substantial support from Governor Brown and from Jesse Unruh, who had fathered both the park bond issue and a legislative resolution—House R.116—calling for a park of "5,000 acres or more in the Santa Monica Mountain area." Governor Brown saw to it that his state parks experts gave study of the site "Priority No. 1," and after touring the area by helicopter two days before the election, he warmly praised its potentialities for a great park.

Mayor Yorty's support, on the other hand, seemed questionable. Even while insisting that he favored a five-thousand-acre park, he made no secret of his sympathy for a Master Plan guide to the subdivision of the Santa Monica Mountains prepared by his planning commission and formally accepted by the city council in August. This plan called for only two thousand acres of new park in the sixteen thousand acres of undeveloped city land lying between the San Diego Freeway and the sea—specifically a chain of thirty-one small parks and scenic turnouts and one 1,700-acre rubbish-reclamation site. Charles Flanagan, president of Yorty's planning commission and himself a land developer and builder in the San Fernando Valley, had carried the mayor's blessing with him through the complicated and bitterly fought hearings at City Hall during the summer. In essence, Flanagan won the right to rezone the mountains to accommodate apartment buildings not to exceed five stories in an area previously devoted to single-family dwellings. The new plan would permit a 154,000 population in the area most wanted for a great park.

Last June, the mayor had elated park enthusiasts by getting the city council to pass a six-month freeze on all subdivision in the mountains. The freeze was technically described as an aid to the Master Plan, but was intended also to help hold the land unscarred until the bond issue was passed and the state parks experts declared their preference for an exact site. From the moment that the freeze ceased to be useful for the Master Plan, however, Flanagan worked unceasingly to get it lifted. Only frantic efforts by citizens' groups during the summer persuaded the city council to hold the freeze until Christmas Day. During these struggles the mayor remained silent.

The Friends of the Park and allied groups, although largely disillusioned with Yorty, put their trust in the implicit promises of the governor and felt certain of success in getting at least a generous portion of the sixteen thousand acres. They were aghast when the governor's friend and appointee Hugo Fisher, chairman of the state resources agency and key man in the decision-making bureaucracy at Sacramento, officially informed the Los Angeles city council on December 17 that state park experts had dropped the park site in Los Angeles City from first to third priority. Taking precedence now were a 6,500-acre area in the Malibu Mountains and 6,500 acres near Point Mugu in Ventura County. Neither site was as attractive or suitable for park development, nor had there been any public agitation for either.

The High Cost of Camping

Supposedly, both sites were more appropriate for public camping and would cost less to develop. That they were thirty to forty miles north of the city's population core—a long, traffic-plagued drive for any Cub Scout den mother—did not seem to matter. Oddly, Fisher, after estimating the acquisition costs of the sixteen-thousand-acre city site at $30 million, went on to set the development costs at an alarming $75 million. This though the nationally respected professional planner Donald Wolbrink had stated that even over a period of many years the development costs need not exceed $17 million. Still more oddly, Fisher did not suggest a compromise by scaling down the proposed acreage; instead he told the city council that the park site might be promoted to Priority No. 2 if there was co-operation from the municipal government. Later, Fisher defined "co-operation" as an additional $18-million contribution from Los Angeles and the smaller cities in the area to supplement bond-issue funds.

Mayor Yorty labeled this stipulation "tantamount to rejection," and urged Governor Brown "to see that justice is done." Privately, he labeled the Fisher decision "a political device on the part of Brown, Fisher, and Roosevelt to discredit me."

Los Angeles papers supported the mayor and attacked Fisher's decision as being based on antiquated and arbitrary park standards. The Los Angeles *Times*, which has given cautious but steady support to the city park site, observed that the Fisher priorities pleased "almost nobody."

For Mayor Yorty, the crux of the matter is that while he can only propose, it is the state that *disposes* where park funds, acreage, and sites are concerned. Nevertheless, Yorty has been somewhat reluctant to advance any specific park proposals. Governor Brown, though reportedly annoyed by the bad press, continues to stand by Fisher. Unruh, however, not unhappy to see the governor in trouble, has stated in

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sacramento that he would not support a sixteen-thousand-acre park within the city of Los Angeles but would consider endorsing a smaller one. He may well be the negotiator in a compromise settlement, and could even emerge with Mayor Yorty as salvager of a five-thousand-acre park. As one observer put it, "Only a Theodore Roosevelt as mayor would get the whole mountain range in his pocket."

THE CASE comes up for formal hearings in the legislature in March. Meanwhile the price of the mountain land goes up. William Zeckendorf, Jr., the superdeveloper of New York City, bought 11,600 acres in 1948 at $300 an acre and sold them to the New York investment firm of Lazard Frères in 1960 for $800 an acre. Lazard Frères then set up the Lantain Corporation, which proceeded to launch a publicity campaign in favor of a development program that bears a striking resemblance to Los Angeles' Master Plan for the Santa Monica Mountains.

Last November, Lazard Frères sold 3,300 acres of the most beautiful park area for $14 million. The sale was made one week after the passage of the state parks bond issue, which for the first time made the possibility of state condemnation proceedings against their land a real threat. Unless the Los Angeles city planning commission and city council adopt one of the numerous possible devices to curb such runaway land speculation, the available parkland within the city will continue to shrink.

The chief danger is that if the decision goes against Los Angeles City, every major politician will have an alibi. Yorty and Unruh can blame the governor; Brown can blame Yorty and his planning commission; Roosevelt can honestly say that he had nothing whatever to do with it till he entered the mayoralty fight. And everyone can blame the pleasant-looking Hugo Fisher, who probably does not deserve to be anathematized by future generations as the single man most responsible for the destruction of Los Angeles' Bois de Boulogne. In the long run, it looks as though only the people stand to suffer.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

Springtime in the Rockies

LOIS PHILLIPS HUDSON

I LONGED for many things of the prairie after I left it twenty-eight years ago, when I was nine. It was one of the places I was always homesick for during my migrations from one sea to the other and back again to the first sea.

I was especially homesick for the prairie spring, or, perhaps, for the idea of prairie spring that I had carried with me, and when I returned to the prairie two years ago, I began to search, without being really aware that I was searching, for whatever it was that had made spring for me, or my idea of spring, before I was ten years old.

When I came back to the prairie, I did not come back to a farm—like most farmers' daughters of my generation, I am not married to a farmer. I happen to be married to a university professor, and I moved, with him and our two small daughters, into a subdivision of Boulder, Colorado—a subdivision called, in bilingual redundancy, Table Mesa. What I moved to was, in fact, a piece of the far western edge of the prairie that was being turned into city. For anybody who grew up on the prairie, it was and is a remarkable experience to watch three or four hundred acres of fields and pasture becoming city. During the springs of my childhood I roamed alone over a half section—about the acreage of our Table Mesa subdivision, which is now populated by about ten times as many people as there were in the town where I went to school three miles from our farm. That town once seemed to me to be bursting with people; I suppose it would look quite different to me now. One street was paved, because it was also U.S. Highway 10, and there were a few blocks of cement sidewalk. But cement was never part of my idea of a prairie spring.

NEVERTHELESS, when I looked out of my picture window my first spring in Table Mesa, what I saw was cement—cement on the move. We lived in the last completed house on our loop, and what seemed like the biggest fleet of cement trucks in the world rumbled by us, headed for the bulldozed lots between us and the prairie. (Our house is called the Metropolitan, which seems a significant appellation; the two other "big-value" models are called the Trojan and the Apollo, and the

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

largest and most expensive is called, also significantly, the Americana.) Day after day, sidewalks, basements, patios, foundations, and driveways rolled by in their emulsive state, revolving in oblong tubs over howling engines and shuddering transmissions. Behind the cement trucks came the steel girder trucks and the lumber trucks loaded with prefabricated walls and gables. Then came the roofing trucks, the plumbers' trucks, the painters' trucks, and Melvin the Landscaper's trucks. Hot on their exhaust fumes came the trucks from the businesses in the new Table Mesa Shopping Center—the wall-to-wall-rug trucks and the floor-to-ceiling-drapery trucks, from shops that are now out of business, theirs being a relatively short-lived boom, not unlike the booms of the gold and silver ghost towns all around us, with collapsing roads called Bonanza, El Dorado, or Wall Street.

No sooner had the first parade of shiny trucks of prosperous subcontractors begun to dwindle than a second parade began—a parade of independent small businessmen, in ten-year-old pickups, scarred and dented Volkswagen busses, and fenderless, paintless panel trucks. Our neighbors, I thought, looking out of my picture window, are now free of the subcontractors and they are shopping around. This second parade brought, and still brings, the touches with which my neighbors "individualize" their homes. For example, a panel truck parked in front of the Trojan two doors down from us, and when it left two hours later, that Trojan had a brilliant red front door. Across the street a pickup arrived with a ten-foot blue spruce rooted in about three hundred pounds of burlap-wrapped dirt. I had been watching the man of the house for three weekends while he dug a vast hole in the lawn he had worked on every weekend before that, and I had been waiting for the dénouement. The sinewy, undernourished nurseryman and the sweating, overnourished accountant dragged the tree across the lawn and managed to set it upright in the hole. There will be blue lights on it come Christmas, I thought. That will be the dénouement. All blue lights.

To the Americana on our northern side, trucks brought great loads of fill, topsoil, and fertilizer, all dumped in conical piles in the driveway. Then came boulders, bulldozers to move the boulders, and men to build and plant terraces, borders, walks, and patios. I watched to see if spotlights would be installed under the boulders, as they were at the house on the corner, but instead our neighbor chose a white plaster rabbit with two white babies, an orange deer, three white ducks with orange bills, and a little black jockey in white shirt and orange pants. The yard ornaments repeat the color scheme of the Americana, which is built of black bricks and white siding trimmed with orange shutters.

DURING our first spring in Table Mesa we endured the worst windstorms in the recorded meteorological history of Colorado. The first storm came the night after we moved into our new house and registered gusts of over a hundred miles an hour. One of these gusts demolished a nearly completed building behind us, and all night long, sizable pieces of the wreckage blew into our house. All the windows in the children's bedroom were shattered, spraying glass over both sleeping girls. Our eight-foot picture window and the sliding glass doors of our patio bowed in and out as though they were made of cellophane, and the reflected light of our candle undulated with the glass as though it shone over waves of water. The next morning we found that parts of our new roof had been torn away and some of our siding was ripped, revealing to our apprehensive gaze the fact that it was not wood, but a kind of extra-heavy cardboard painted to look like wood, that stood between us and the hurricane.

"Habitat selection" has become a popular study of biologists. Now we know, for example, that birds sing some of their most wonderful songs simply to stake out claims. Perhaps because he does not sing so well, man is less exacting in his choice of habitat. Nevertheless, and notwithstanding all his migrations, man looks for, if not song perches, at least places that sing to him.

I left my picture window that first spring in Table Mesa and went out to see if I could still find my idea of prairie spring—that habitat which was a song I could not quite remember. As my people have always done, I headed west. One block west of our new house, the bulldozers were still digging basements. I could see the world being newly made or unmade. The next block was roughly graded and set with stakes that seemed, with the expanse of the prairie behind them, oddly and frighteningly close together, even though the stakes marked out lots the size of our own. We were circumscribing ourselves in tiny bits of the earth, while the whole earth still called to us from beyond our imaginary lines. The next block west (which was really a loop, as are all the blocks in Table Mesa) was, as real-estate agents and tax assessors would say, "unimproved."

FROM THAT BLOCK, then hypothetical and now paved and full of houses, stretched the kind of prairie I remembered. It stretched more than a mile, into the gently rising hills I remembered from North Dakota. But then it ended, as if the hills had rolled for seven hundred miles with a slow, mighty momentum and suddenly crashed against a wall across the world—a wall of flat rocks a thousand feet high that marks the end of the prairie and the beginning of the Rocky Mountains. The Flatirons, as these sheer rock faces are called, make a boundary as clean and precise as the edge of the sea. And beyond them, for twelve hundred miles to the Pacific, everything is different. The long prairie is gone.

But that mile between my Table Mesa house and the first wall of the Rockies was, and is, prairie. It is not even fenced, as are all the hundreds of miles of prairie to the east of me. I can walk along a tiny creek edged with willows and occasional cottonwoods, and not be trespassing on the land of anybody except the "developer," who has not yet got around to building on it.

That first spring I went to visit that last mile of prairie. I sat on the sunny side of the biggest rock I could find, on my guard against the red ants. My own claim seemed to reach to the end of all the space above me; it was a space that seemed too clear and empty to be populated by any planet but my own, and so blue that I seemed to feel the color touch-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing my face—even to hear the color, as though I must perceive the splendor with more than one sense alone. Then I realized that I was not hearing the sky; the song was really coming from the frogs everywhere and nowhere around me.

The frogs were the voice of the air, which no longer used the winter wind to make itself heard. This sensation of the air speaking to me had an ancient familiarity; it must have been part of what had made my idea of spring long ago. And I recalled that one of the things I had wanted to be, long ago, was a frog. I wanted to belong, in a way that humans never seemed to belong, to that excitement I could feel but never understand. I knew there was something to find out—something I could never quite hear, never quite see. I could never quite see even some things I could touch. From across the pasture, the thickets along the road ditch looked to me like a row of clouds that had lingered on after the last frozen winter sunset—all faintly white and blue and peach. But when I came up to the cloud, all I could see was millions of short bare sticks. The sticks were covered with buds, each one gracefully affirming its species and its destiny, each one, except for a pale sliver of color no bigger than the white crescent at the tip of my little fingernail, seeming hardly different from the stem that bore it. If I pulled off a bud and peeled away its thin shell, I still could not understand how any number of such buds could make that haze of color along the road. I would look again on my way back home, after I had crossed the pasture, really not believing that the cloud would show itself again, after I had established that it could not be there. But it would always be there—that long low cloud that winter had left for me. When I could touch it, I could not see it; when I could see it, I was much too far away to touch it.

THAT WAS THE WAY a prairie spring was for me; I was always so close to something I never could touch or see. I looked and looked in all the frothy green depths of the slough, but I never found one of the millions of eggs the frogs laid out there in all the musical nights. If I dug down to the wet earth beneath a snowbank, all I would find would be a few rotted strands of last summer's dead, drought-suffocated weeds. Yet, as the bank melted, a thousand blossoms as small as stars appeared overnight at its edge. But they would appear only when they were ready, never when I looked for them. I never could catch anything while it was happening; I never could really touch anything, really see anything. Yet I believed that there must be a place where people could touch and taste and hear and see whatever it was that was happening. It must have been this hungry belief of mine, a belief made of all the sensations of prairie spring, that became the idea of spring I carried with me for so many years, while I migrated from one ocean to the other.

On that first Sunday afternoon I walked back home along the little creek, vaguely haunted by one song that still had not come back to me. But then I forgot to try to remember the song when I passed below the upraised roots of a cottonwood that had been pushed over by a bulldozer. The flat powerful web of tree roots wrenched from their old secrets in the earth and towering dead above me reminded me that soon the creek out here would be "rechanneled" to conform to the blueprints for Table Mesa Drive. Soon the creek here would be as it now was where it passed my house—a trickle between ten-foot banks of raw gravel in the middle of a divided "parkway." Those roots made me understand that I am a pioneer in Table Mesa. I am a pioneer, I thought, who saw the creek when it was a creek, who heard frogs in the creek, who even knew that this gravel ditch was a creek. In another year or two, I will be one of the old-timers who remember all the way back to the days when there were meadowlarks and rabbits and all manner of wild creatures in their natural habitat.

BEFORE the summer was over, my random thoughts of that Sunday crystallized in a simple crisis, a straightforward clash of habitats. As I was drinking my breakfast coffee and gazing across my patio to my triangular back yard, a rat emerged debonairly from beneath the cement and pattered up to the sill of my sliding glass dining-room doors. He stood up on his haunches, crossed his neat little forefeet over his neat white breast in the classic gesture of all the charming rodents in children's stories, and studied me through the glass. I, in turn, studied him. I noted his long whiskers, his black beady eyes, his delicate pointed sniffing nose, his small alert ears, and his enormous confidence. Then I looked him up in the *National Geographic's* fine lexicon of *Wild Animals of North America,* and I knew that he was going to be a problem.

Obviously, he was a Norway rat (*Rattus norvegicus*), and a mortal threat to my habitat. "Gangs of rats overpower and kill young pigs and lambs," said the text. "They gnaw through lead pipes to get at water and strip insulation from wires, causing short circuits, fires, and once plunging much of New York City into darkness. . . . Rat-spread diseases have killed more people than all man's wars. . . . Males stake out territorial claims and fight off newcomers. They battle over food, also females, far scarcer than males. Some three weeks after mating, the female bears about eight young; litters of twenty have been reported. In mild climes breeding goes on all year.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rats can reproduce at four months. Cunning, tough, and aggressive, the Norway rat withstands ingenious poisons and traps. He will even attack man. RANGE: Wherever man has settled."

HE'LL HAVE TO GO, I thought, but how? For several days we studied each other, the rat and I. I wondered how he might have written a description of me and my adult activities. After remarking that I regularly kill pigs and sheep of any size, plus other animals for my daily food, he might have added that I not only spread fatal diseases to my own species but also murder them by millions in war. And then he might have remarked that I lock up all the water I can find in lead pipes and that I alter the entire face of the earth in an attempt to accommodate the results of my own incredible reproductive capacity, since I breed all year, in any clime. And he might have finished by cautioning that I am cunning, tough, aggressive, ingenious at poisoning and trapping, that I will even attack rats, and, worst of all, that I range wherever rats have settled.

But while I brooded, my neighbors had taken action. Before I had figured out how to trap my rat and transport him to the feet of the Flatirons and somehow communicate to him that he must go West if he would preserve his long silken whiskers and his plush, well-fed pelt (he had been eating half the food I put out for our dogs), a new panel truck parked in front of our Metropolitan.

This truck, I realized afterwards, was a logical part of the parade past my picture window. It was No. 17 of the Boulder County Rabies Abatement fleet. The driver wore a deputy sheriff's star on his uniform's chest, and he was courteous but determined. He told me that the neighborhood mothers had phoned in to tell him that I had a rat and that they wanted to know what would happen if it bit a child. I told him that I had never known such a healthy rat, and that a rat like this one would have the good sense to scuttle back under my patio if one of my neighbors' numerous children approached it, since it was most respectful of even me, let alone the modern children in Table Mesa. A prairie-bred woman does not supinely relinquish her claim to the bit of land left to her and its denizens, whoever they might be, but in the end, after a polite conversation, I allowed him to dispense some ingenious pellets in the hole under the patio, and he assured me that all my troubles were over.

The Rabies Control man was right. I never saw my rat again. The only wild animals I have ever seen from my dining room since he left are the white and orange creatures in my neighbor's yard. But the clash of habitats was not over.

Not much later, I found myself talking to a real Boulder pioneer—a person who did not live in an Americana or an Apollo or a Trojan, but in a town house on a square block with square back yards.

"And where do *you* live?" she asked sweetly.

I should have prepared her for my answer, but I didn't. "In Table Mesa," I said.

If I had prepared her, she never would have burst out, "Are *you* in one of those *awful* boxes sprawled up against our Flatirons?"

Then she began her apologetic retractions, her "what-I-meant-was" explanations. I knew what she wanted to say to me, but I could not explain to her how I understood that I was a newcomer encroaching on the habitat of everybody who had grown up knowing and loving that last stretch of prairie beneath the Flatirons, long before it had cement and tri-levels poured all over it.

BY THE TIME my second spring in Table Mesa arrived, I had thought a number of thoughts about migrating creatures—about their anguish over their habitats and how they all believe, especially in spring, that there will always be enough room, plenty of room for them. Then I went out again to the narrowing strip of prairie. There were Metropolitans and Americanas where, the spring before, I had seen meadowlarks looking for nesting places in the long grass. This spring there were no larks to tell me they disapproved of my habitat selection, and I wondered what they had done when they came back and found a city on their prairie.

I stayed out in the last of the prairie till the sun dropped behind the Flatirons and the air was suddenly cold, as it is at this altitude when the light is gone. Then I walked home along what was left of the little creek, and I thought of a song my mother used to sing while she did her work, "When It's Springtime in the Rockies," the song about the place where everybody wanted to be. And it was a shock to realize that I *was* spending my springtime in the Rockies, I *was* in that place everybody wanted to be.

NOW the sun sets northward again behind the Flatirons, and my third spring in my Metropolitan in Table Mesa is almost here. This spring the thing I wonder about is where my two young daughters will go to hear the music of the sky. I wonder where they will go to hear the small hibernating and migrating creatures sing of their new spaces and claims. And I wonder where any of us will go to sing our springtime songs, and, finally, what we will sing about.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lateiner's Beethoven

JOHN M. CONLY

On a brisk April morning in Boston, back in 1947, a burly nineteen-year-old pianist walked onstage in cavernous Symphony Hall, nodded briefly to the most important audience he ever had faced in his life—two men—and sat at a Steinway under a single spotlight. He flexed his fingers and addressed himself to a task that hardly half a dozen men in a century and a quarter had managed to master. This was to make sense beyond cavil of Ludwig van Beethoven's final keyboard essay on human life and death, the C-Minor Sonata, Opus 111.

The sonata, in two movements, has been compared to the fundamental Buddhist dichotomy, Sansara-Nirvana. It starts as a concord of violence, a storm trapped in an iron fugue. Thereafter comes an *adagio molto semplice e cantabile,* distilled into a set of hypnotic variations of which Thomas Mann wrote: "It is like having one's hair or cheek stroked, lovingly, understandingly; like a deep and silent farewell look." The comment seems shallow compared to what it is describing. Opus 111 is one of the most ominous and poignant manuscripts ever written. In no sense is it after-dinner entertainment, and most standard-repertory piano virtuosi avoid it sedulously.

When Jacob Lateiner had finished this half-hour communication, he was quietly joined on the stage by the two listeners, Serge Koussevitzky, director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and his assistant, the young composer Lukas Foss. Koussevitzky for once eschewed eloquence, and simply offered Lateiner the prime piano part in his forthcoming Beethoven festival at Tanglewood, as soloist in the *Emperor* Concerto.

Four months later Lateiner sped a splendid *Emperor* over the heads of a summertime audience that recalled him five times to the stage and then forgot his name, because that is the way of summertime audiences unless the performer is an Artur Rubinstein. Indeed, Rubinstein might have excelled the younger man at the *Emperor,* where bravura is essential, though I have my doubts. Anyway, that doesn't matter. What does is the separation between the two métiers, and the neglect of one.

The *Emperor* is oratory, a public excitement. Opus 111, though of the same generic spirit, is an inner search. Rubinstein told me once that he had never played a late Beethoven sonata and never would. It was a special province, he said, for philosopher-pianists.

This seems a very fair differentiation between the delvers and dazzlers at the keyboard, although Rubinstein himself is something of an authority on the musical philosophy of Chopin, while Lateiner can whale the daylights out of, say, the Prokofiev Toccata. The difference, one of emphasis, is in an underlying orientation, a devotional application to the humanistic philosophical content of a composer's work—in Lateiner's case, that of Beethoven.

No glory need be grudged glamorous technicians who regularly enrapture thousands with the *Moonlight* Sonata, *Clair de Lune,* and *Sheep May Safely Graze.* Still, these are showpieces that any competent musician can play and almost any listener can absorb. They convey little of their composers' total contributions to art and thought. For instance, Bach was, in a very real sense, a symbolic logician and theologian, Debussy perhaps the principal pioneer in the psychological aesthetic known as Impressionism, Beethoven one of the two or three deepest-searching philosophers of his time. Their explorative laboratories were the keyboard, and the full laboratory records constitute a treasury.

The trouble with treasuries is getting into them. At this time, the best and most obvious access is the stereo phonograph. If its fidelity be properly high, it can deliver a startling likeness of a concert grand at a distance of thirty feet, with all the composer's color and thunder. Also, it can provide the cycling whimsies of Beethoven's Sonata 16, Op. 31, No. 1, or the rumbling meditations of the vast *Hammerklavier,* Op. 106, when the hearer wants them. In the concert hall, the composer cycle is now deemed uncommercial; it does not fit tour programming. In late November, Lateiner nearly filled Carnegie Hall with a formidable and exciting all-Beethoven program, but this was his own venture, not his agent's. People came from as far off as Massachusetts to hear it, and now he is taking the same program to a dozen Eastern university towns. Still, this is small comfort for Beethovenians who live in Anchorage or Zanesville.

Of the four piano literatures that seem to me essential, two are in good hands. Rubinstein is recording, or rerecording in stereo, the whole of Chopin for RCA Victor. Columbia is performing the same service for J. S. Bach, with Glenn Gould as the interpreter (an un-Teutonic but vital one, despite carping from purist critics). The Impressionist scope, from Debussy and Ravel down through early Stravinsky, Bartók, and Griffes, is not well filled in. The man to do it, Charles Rosen, is teaching French literature at a Northeastern university. Of course, there are still available monophonic records of the French Impressionist masters by Casadesus and Gieseking, perceptive but without sonic sensuosity.

For Beethoven buffs, the same situation is infuriating. Pure musical values aside, here is some of the wisest and most penetrating counsel from our finest age of philosophers, set in irresistibly stirring language. In the sonatas alone, the distillate lasts thirteen hours. And those who want it are offered its ghost, timeworn and priced at $75.

I refer to the historic performances by Artur Schnabel. In the early 1930's, Walter Legge of HMV in England persuaded the reluctant Schnabel to record all the sonatas for a subscription set. This emerged piecemeal in the middle of the depression and sold out at once, at premium prices. The series was reprinted after the war on 78s, again on LP by RCA Victor, and

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GUTS

They're priceless. Without them a magazine (like a man) is just a shell.

THE REPORTER digs for facts, culls yards of reports, sorts out the trivial, clarifies, places in perspective, then prints the *real* story, and *damn the repercussions* . . . full speed ahead!

Intellectual honesty and courage are rare commodities. And as this issue of THE REPORTER proves, they provide solid, informative, colorful reading.

"Your magazine has offered many provocative articles on subjects people should be provoked about, and by including meaningful background in its discussion of timely subjects has given readers a broad view of current events."—

SENATOR CLIFFORD P. CASE (R.)

"Yours is a great magazine. I find it invaluable because the articles are timely, yet invariably based on careful analysis and research. No other magazine achieves this feat as consistently as does yours."—

SENATOR STUART SYMINGTON (D.)

1¢ a Day

That's all it costs a trial subscriber to read THE REPORTER regularly. Actually, the price is *less than* a penny a day; *just $3.50* for a full year (24 issues). The postpaid card opposite (sent *without* money, if you like) will bring you the writings of Max Ascoli, George Bailey, Meg Greenfield, Henry A. Kissinger, Edmond Taylor, Marya Mannes, Alfred Kazin....

If you are presently a REPORTER subscriber, use the card to introduce a well-intentioned friend to this worthwhile, fortnightly reading experience.

A Note to Comparison Shoppers

Regular rates for THE REPORTER are—1 year $7, 2 years $11, 3 years $14. (Add $1 per year for foreign postage, 50¢ annually for Canada and Pan American Union.)

THE REPORTER/660 MADISON AVENUE/NEW YORK, N.Y. 10021

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

again by Angel. The music is both magisterial and moving, but by present sonic standards it is abstract and a little bodiless. There have been two attempts to supersede the Schnabel cycle. Both were well intended and merit no further criticism. At this point, Schnabel remains the definitive interpreter.

IF THERE IS a successor to Schnabel on the horizon, he is Lateiner. This can be said with some surety. No aspirant could develop secretly; it is too long and hard a growth, and digital proficiency is only a small part of it. Schnabel is known to musicians not only as the definitive performer of the Beethoven piano literature but also as its most nearly definitive editor. The job requires a complete and profound intellectual immersion, and an irksome concomitant is slowness of arrival. HMV did not put Schnabel to his task until he was fifty-one. By the same time scale, we would have to wait another fourteen years for a record company to take a chance on a Beethoven cycle by Lateiner. However, things move slightly faster nowadays. Lateiner is enjoying what one could call his third emergence on discs, and the evidence is that he is ready.

His first emergence occurred in 1950, when Efrem Kurtz, awed by his prowess at the Curtis Institute, presented him to Goddard Lieberson, then vice-president and now president of Columbia Records. Lieberson was awed, too, and that afternoon Lateiner began recording Opus 111. The disk received a high critical rating at once, though some reviewers thought it was a fluke from a performer so young, and one magazine writer complained that it sounded too much like Schnabel. A succeeding endeavor with Columbia, ineptly entitled *The Toccata from Bach to Prokofiev,* came to grief and was abandoned by Lateiner in mid-course.

Three years later, he made two Beethoven sides for Westminster, the *Tempest* and the *Waldstein.* Lateiner now says of the performances: "I don't play like that any more." Still, they were the most electrifying versions of the works on microgroove (along with his Columbia Opus 111, they are now out of print). Westminster would not commit itself to a series, and the venture languished.

Lateiner had won the loyalty of Beethovenians, though. In 1954, when Erich Leinsdorf was asked to help produce for CBS-TV a "You Are There" program on Beethoven's deafness, it was Lateiner whom he picked to play the *Appassionata* offstage. In 1960, the minstrel Richard Dyer-Bennet, another Beethoven enthusiast, decided to put forth a Lateiner-Beethoven cycle on his

own record label, backed by an affluent friend. The friend's tax counselor succeeded in interrupting this endeavor in its early stages. Dyer-Bennet was left with splendid stereo tapes of Opus 111 and Opus 10, No. 3, which he and his friends enjoy.

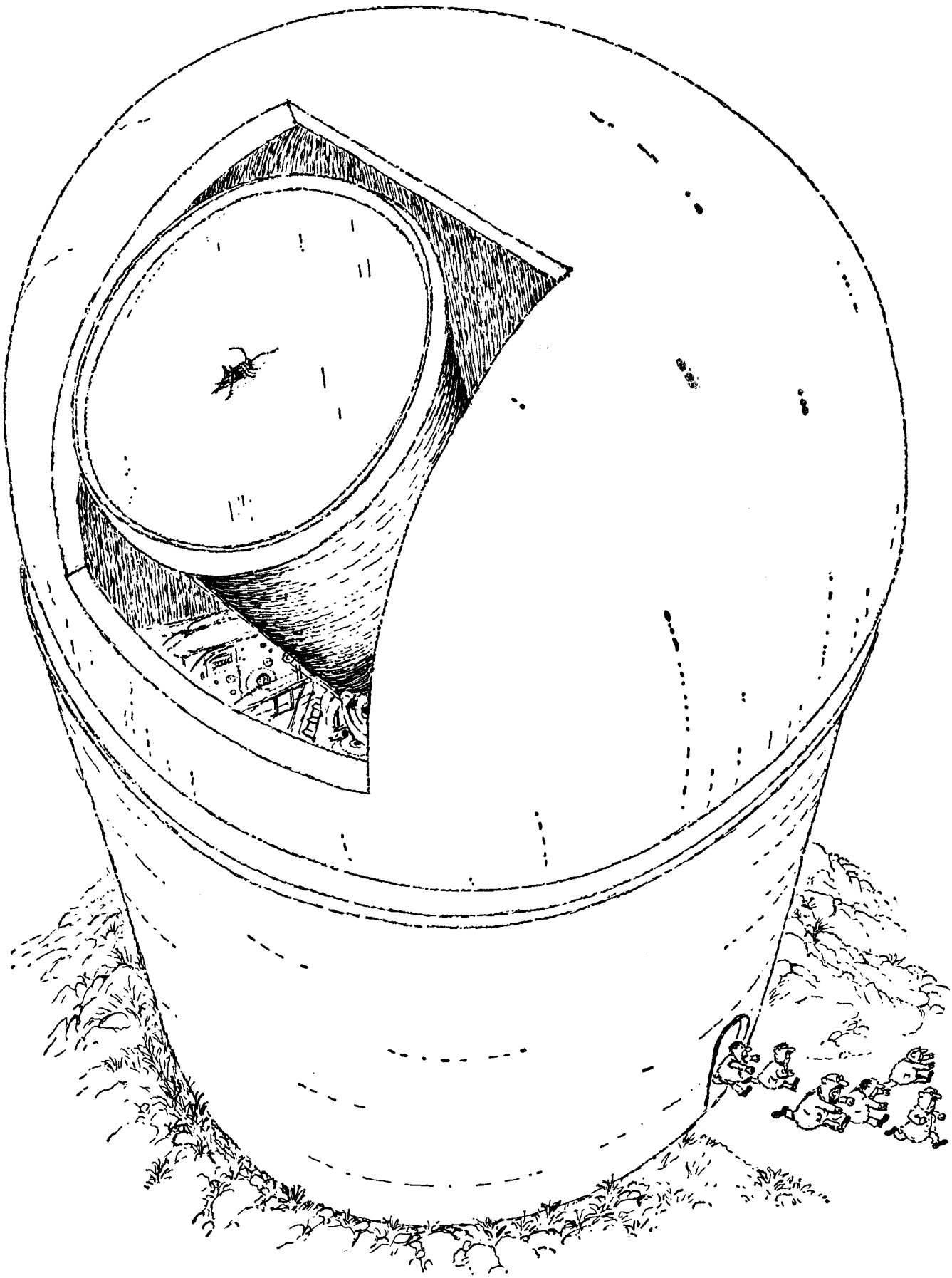
THE LATEST Lateiner promoters are a formidable pair indeed, Jascha Heifetz and Gregor Piatigorsky. (It should be pointed out here that between promotions Lateiner leads a pleasant, somewhat Epicurean existence as a faculty member of the Mannes College of Music in New York, with just enough recitals to fill his time interestingly.) It was at the Piatigorsky home, where he was almost a summer family member as a youth, that he first made a real acquaintance with Beethoven. It is probably indicative of something or other that his first loves in the literature were not piano works at all but the *Missa Solemnis* and the Quartets Opus 131 and Opus 133.

When Heifetz and Piatigorsky decided to perform the Beethoven Trio, Opus 1, No. 1, as the fourth recital in their chamber-music series, the Heifetz-Piatigorsky Concerts (RCA Victor), no one but Lateiner would do as pianist. The results justify their insistence. The work is not big Beethoven, but it is highly spirited and lyrical. Its enjoyability (on LM or LSC 2770, mono or stereo) is heightened by the patent enjoyment of the three musicians. Lateiner had hardly finished work on it when his two eminent confreres put him to work again, this time on the Dvorák Quintet. The other two participants are Israel Baker, second violin, and Joseph DePasquale, viola. RCA Victor will release it in the spring; meanwhile Heifetz and Piatigorsky are making no secret around the studios of its being their favorite chamber-music production so far.

If this is an oblique approach to an eventual set of Beethoven piano sonatas by Jacob Lateiner, it is because record companies shy away from "complete works" series. They pay off very slowly, and they take a couple of years to make, during which anything can go wrong and wreck the project. Meanwhile, Lateiner continues to add to his Beethoven lore, which probably already exceeds anyone else's. His affinity extends into what one of his colleagues calls an "uncanny ability" to read Beethoven's musical handwriting, which has placed him much in demand as a consultant. He also has contravened Schnabel in establishing that Beethoven's metronome *was* reliably workable, so that the composer's tempo marks have to be taken seriously.

Lateiner stems from the same Galician countryside that produced Theodor Leschetizky, Josef Hofmann, Mieczyslaw Horszowski, and Schnabel himself, though Lateiner chanced to be born in Cuba. More to the point perhaps, he is deeply learned in the philosophies of the Enlightenment, as was Beethoven. Like Schnabel, he takes a lively interest in music being written now. He has commissioned and will introduce as soloist the forthcoming Elliott Carter concerto. He is less impatient than his admirers about a Beethoven cycle. It is a once-in-a-lifetime undertaking. Recording procedures improve every year. One can wait: when Beethoven wrote the *Appassionata,* there wasn't a piano in the world that it could be played on.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Telescope by Fernando Krahn

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the current issue
Commonweal

HANS KUNG
"The Vatican Council—End or Beginning?"

"MUCH CAN BE LOST by indolence, cowardice and indecision on the part of the progressive majority of the Council; much can be blocked by the false policy, obstruction and sheer force of a particular group. And the difficulties which plague this council day by day ought not to be belittled. Among them, and not the worst, by far, despite what one hears, is that there is too much talk, debate, even prattle in the Council and too few decisions . . ."

• COMMONWEAL, a weekly review of public affairs, literature and the arts, is published by Catholic laymen. Recently it has carried articles like the following:

The Congo: A Second Boxer Rebellion?
by **William Pfaff**

Should Catholic Colleges be Eliminated?
by **Leonard Swidler**

Evelyn Waugh
by **Alan Pryce-Jones**

World Poverty and Christians
by **Barbara Ward**

What Do We Want in Europe?
by **Ronald Steel**

The Inferiority of Women
by **Gertrud Heinzelmann**

The Council and Birth Control
by **Gregory Baum**

Saving the Liberal Arts
by **Paul Goodman**

Also: William V. Shannon on domestic politics, **Wilfrid Sheed** on the theater, **J. M. Cameron** from England, **Robert McAfee Brown's** "A Protestant Viewpoint"—all appear regularly in Commonweal.

Enter an inexpensive trial subscription now and receive seventeen issues of Commonweal, including the issue with the **Hans Kung** analysis of the Vatican Council, for just two dollars.

Return coupon below or a facsimile
SAVE HALF THE SINGLE COPY PRICE

17 Issues for $2

COMMONWEAL
232 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016

Send me the next 17 issues of **COMMONWEAL**, including the Hans Kung issue, at your special half-price trial rate of only $2, as offered to **Reporter** readers.

☐ Check here if you enclose $2 with order to obtain 2 extra issues free (19 in all).

☐ I prefer 14 full months at the regular one-year subscription price, $8.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY, STATE, ZIP CODE

Damned with Loud Praise

ERIK WENSBERG

TWO YEARS AGO, Edward Albee left the off-Broadway log cabin, moved uptown with only four characters and their abundant conversation, and was elected. It was a popular victory, though some said *Virginia Woolf* was bad for you. Let me state that no possible harm can come of the Broadway presentation of William Hanley's *Slow Dance on the Killing Ground* or of what appears to be its success with both audiences and reviewers—no harm except to its author. He, lacking Albee's skepticism, could have used some sensible advice.

Hanley's very slow dance has been laid out on the premises of the Plymouth Theatre, in an Oliver Smith setting of such solemn, huge, and intricate hideousness as to impel quite extravagant efforts from his actors to overcome it. They can't, but the current acting odds, one good performance out of three, are nevertheless maintained. The direction of Joseph Anthony is often competent, and if it reverses what point the playwright does allow himself, it is not the first time Anthony has done that, and some in the audience cheered the night I was there.

Two short plays by Hanley, *Whisper Into My Good Ear* and *Mrs. Dally Has a Lover*, were produced off-Broadway to some acclaim in 1962; they were modest, orderly views of unassuming people making the best of their personal limits and their entrapment by circumstances. *Slow Dance on the Killing Ground* is far more ambitious, and its success could very well persuade the author that he has written a most interesting play. He would be deceived.

To begin with, the play has everything that fashion could wish for—a Negro problem, a sex problem, and a Nazi problem. His well-meaning plot brings together in a side-street newspaper store, in what has to be called the dead of night, a German who saved himself, but not his wife and child, from the Nazis, a college girl from the Bronx in search of an abortion, and a flamboyant Negro youth on the lam. Of these three, Carolan Daniels holds to a perfect regional pitch of nasal dubiety and dogged rationality for just as long as the playwright and the director allow, and so achieves the one believable performance among the three.

THE TRIO confess, harangue, and judge each other for the length of the evening. They are not in Hell, you understand, not Sartre's, not Shaw's—not them. They are in a newspaper store, in the dead of night, and are perfect strangers. Just here, someone might have pointed out to the playwright that this discourse, inflamed and tender by turns, could not possibly occur among these characters, and that if the playwright wishes it to, he would have to employ theatrical modes other than journalistic naturalism. (In Albee's case, someone might have pointed out that the characters in *Virginia Woolf* couldn't have remained *vertical*, not to say eloquent, while belting down fifty-six naturalistic highballs.) What Broadway calls the "situation" in Hanley's play is straight out of *The Petrified Forest*, where there were once a few real trees. Now Hanley has tried to replant an irreclaimable soil with looping tendrils of rhetoric and some little blossoms from Descartes and Voltaire.

" 'Among wolves one must howl a little,' Mr. Glas," cries Randall, the lamming Harlem swinger. "Have you ever heard that, Rosie? Do you know who said it, Rosie?"

ROSIE: "Voltaire, wasn't it?"

RANDALL: "Are you asking me or telling me, Rosie?"

ROSIE: "Voltaire."

RANDALL: "Yes. The point is, Mister Glas has never learned to howl. You see? He has no talent for it, you see? The wolves are howling their heads off out there and Mister Glas is in here keeping his trap strictly shut. True, Mr. Glas? Why, Mr. Glas?"

The passage is restrained by comparison with many that Clarence Williams III, as Randall, must howl

REPRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

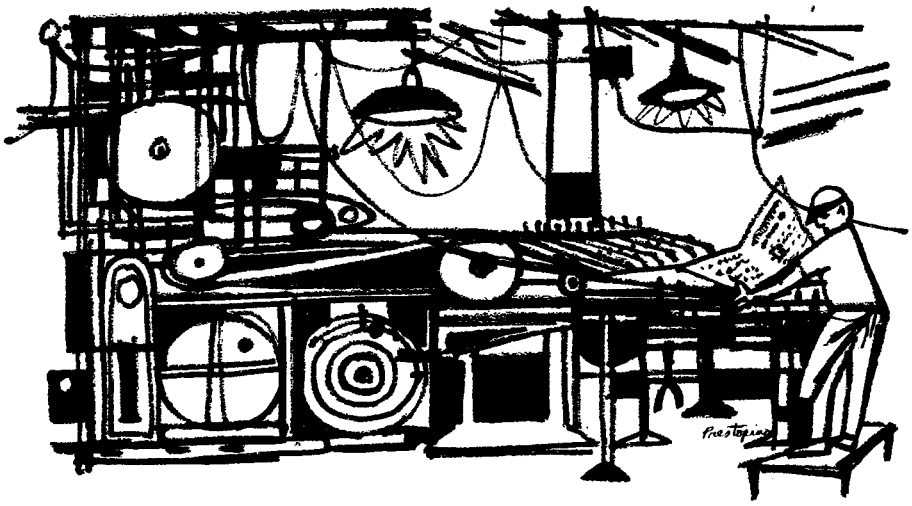
in a part whose rambling hipsterisms and aimless aggressiveness seem to want to import Tennessee Williams to Lenox Avenue. The effect is to join poesy to powerlessness, for Randall has only one genuine idea to convey. An actor of some authentic force, Williams is reduced to a prancing, keening parody of menace. Randall, being possessed of an I.Q. of 187 and having had a crippling childhood, is supposed to articulate a highly intelligent appraisal of the world "out there." That world is, variously, a pack of wolves, a butcher shop, and a "killing ground," in which each of us must attempt to survive but in which compassion for each other is of absolutely no help at all.

This last point is, to be sure, repeated mercilessly enough, but with the intensity of those philosophical disclosures made by undergraduates toward the end of beer parties. I have nothing against it as a proposition; but it is presumably out of flat disbelief of it that Anthony has made each of the three actors tell us the most horrendous stories about their lives while facing dead-on front, with tears in their eyes and the cumbersome language sticking uneasily in their throats. Each player has at least one distended soliloquy of this sort, with which, by his direction, Anthony has obviously intended to bring forth every last shred of compassion we've got.

BUT THE BEST WILL in the world—which I am prepared to concede to Hanley—cannot make a play out of Harlem and Eichmann and amazing crimes of violence simply because they are "important" in the newspapers, in magazines, or even in Voltaire.

Faced with the sheer impossibility of it all, Williams, in the last and in every sense least speakable of the soliloquies, arouses pity and terror only for the deceptions that can be encouraged in young playwrights. The special danger is to a young playwright whose own sense of the world (RANDALL: "Man! Man! I sure don't like it out there") may be well founded, but may also be deeply damaging to the development of his gifts as an artist. At least the world, whether nice or not, is not Broadway, which can kill with kindness.

BOOKS



An Aristocrat of the Twenties

ROBERT SKLAR

SCOFIELD THAYER AND THE DIAL: AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY, by Nicholas Joost. *Southern Illinois University Press. $15.*

THE TIME OF THE DIAL, by William Wasserstrom. *Syracuse University Press. $4.95.*

A DIAL MISCELLANY, edited, with an Introduction, by William Wasserstrom. *Syracuse University Press. $9.*

The Dial became a symbol of the nineteen-twenties by its almost perfect symmetry with that turbulent decade. It began monthly publication under Scofield Thayer's editorship in January, 1920, and it ceased with the issue of July, 1929. The highest-quality magazine of art and letters ever published in America was only more fragile by a season than the nation's economic system.

Nearly every subsequent effort to assess *The Dial's* significance in American artistic and social life—even William Wasserstrom's elaborate theory that it took up the messianic task of regenerating in America an organic communal life—has foundered on the fact that *The Dial* largely expressed the personal taste of one man, Scofield Thayer. As Marianne Moore said in 1925, when she was about to become his "acting editor" at *The Dial*, Thayer was a spiritual expatriate. But he was of a different order from the expatriates who re-created Greenwich Village for a year or two on the left bank of the Seine.

Thayer was born to a wealthy woolen-trade family in Worcester, Massachusetts, and went through Harvard in the class of 1913. At the university he fell under the influence of George Santayana—it is said that Santayana modeled a character after Thayer in his novel, *The Last Puritan*—and adapted an aristocratic art- and artist-centered aesthetic built around a sense of time and history.

After Harvard, Thayer spent two years studying philosophy at Magdalen College, Oxford. Then he settled in Washington Square. In 1918 he joined the fortnightly *Dial* as an editor and financial backer and helped move it from Chicago to New York. *The Dial* briefly became a radical journal of postwar "Reconstruction," featuring John Dewey and Thorstein Veblen; its financial difficulties were exacerbated by bickering among the staff. Thayer brought in Dr. James Sibley Watson, Jr., as a partner and purchased control late in 1919.

Thayer and Watson wanted to turn *The Dial* into a quality magazine of art and letters, and they were willing to make up annual deficits that

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ran as high as $100,000. Like Daisy Buchanan's in *The Great Gatsby*, *The Dial's* voice was full of money in a decade of tiny, struggling avant-garde journals.

Thayer devoted almost as much thought to the form of *The Dial* as to its content. Illustrations, verse, and prose were placed in particular relations in order to make each issue an aesthetically pleasing object. Whatever experimental work *The Dial* was to print would come, as an editorial commented in 1921, "clad in reassuringly genteel tights." Aristocratic gentility and aesthetic fastidiousness set the tone of *The Dial*, in a period noted for literary fervor and immodesty.

DURING the decade, Thayer and Watson encouraged and printed an extraordinary number of experimental American writers. Sherwood Anderson, T. S. Eliot, Van Wyck Brooks, Marianne Moore, E. E. Cummings, William Carlos Williams, Ezra Pound, and Kenneth Burke were recipients of an annual Dial Award, which gave them significant recognition and cash assistance. Hart Crane, Wallace Stevens, Malcolm Cowley, Edmund Wilson, Conrad Aiken, Glenway Wescott, Djuna Barnes, and many others appeared in the magazine; the only serious error the editors made was in rejecting Ernest Hemingway.

But anyone who turned the pages of *The Dial* found it dominated by elderly and distinguished English and European contributors. Apart from regular review features, probably two-thirds of *The Dial's* editorial and art contents were by non-Americans; in some issues nearly all. Like many aristocratic and socially conscious New England intellectuals, Scofield Thayer had a strong pedagogical streak. He wanted to educate a general audience up to the standards of his own taste; at the least, to leave a record of the art and literature his own taste could command.

"At once adventurous and old-fashioned," as Alyse Gregory once described him, Thayer was attracted to those older writers and artists who had been adventurous, as it were, yesterday, or who continued to experiment in yesterday's language: Yeats and Anatole France, D. H. Lawrence, Paul Valéry, Santayana and Bertrand Russell, and among artists, Matisse, Cézanne, Chagall, Picasso more than any other, but only in his pre-Cubist and post-Cubist representational art. Thayer particularly favored German and Austrian culture—in fact he lived in Vienna during most of the twenties—and brought to *The Dial* Thomas Mann, Hauptmann, von Hofmannsthal, Schnitzler, Oskar Kokoschka, Adolf Dehn, and others. It is interesting to speculate how much *The Dial* prepared the American intellectual community to welcome refugee writers and artists after 1933.

Thayer in fact was quite prophetic. "For better or for worse," *The Dial* said editorially, "the course of society for the next era is most likely to be settled in American terms." Thayer saw it as *The Dial's* task to educate Americans to the work of established European writers, as examples to inspire American writers and artists, to let them know that when *The Dial* accepted their work they were admitted into the international community of art and letters. What Thayer wanted from contributors, Marianne Moore said, was "intensity"; another way of saying he wanted nothing but quality.

The Dial owned no editorial program beyond Thayer's aesthetic values. The articles and verse that Mr. Wasserstrom sees as evidence of messianic zeal, Thayer privately disliked; usually they reflected one of Watson's enthusiasms, or a rare independent decision by the staff. "In particular I detest Paul Rosenfeld, who seems to me more and more obviously the Compleat American Asse," Thayer wrote of the one staff writer who was closely linked to "organic" doctrines. Of D. H. Lawrence, another prophet whom *The Dial* regularly published, Thayer said, "I am getting too old to read Lawrence myself."

The Dial reached its peak of circulation and literary notoriety when it published T. S. Eliot's "The Waste Land." Both Mr. Joost and Mr. Wasserstrom consider that November, 1922, issue the most important. But Thayer himself called Eliot's poem "very disappointing," and he criticized his managing editor, Gilbert Seldes, for featuring it over Yeats's drama, *The Player Queen*. *The Dial* never again marched so prominently at the head of the militant avant-garde, and circulation thereafter fell from eighteen thousand to below four thousand at the end. Thayer himself retired in 1925 from active supervision of the magazine.

IF IT had been solely Thayer's aim to educate a general audience to higher aesthetic standards, *The Dial* was a failure. But Thayer's aesthetic was not primarily a social ethic, and it was to writers and artists that *The Dial's* values principally appealed. "You must also remember," Kenneth Burke wrote a reader who had ridiculed E. E. Cummings's poetry, "that if all the world were like Mr. Cummings, Mr. Cummings' system of punctuation would lose some of its effectiveness." The intense individualism of men like Cummings was what Thayer most preferred to cultivate, as it was what he wanted to express for himself. A community might arise, not from any ideological system, but among artists, each of whom carried out his own work in his own way.

Though Mr. Wasserstrom shies away from any reference to romanticism, what he sees in "the time of *The Dial*" is the old romantic fallacy: that the poet may take over the function of the priest. The ideal of an "organic culture" presupposes a fusion of art with non-artistic aspects of social life. An artist cannot create the fusion; he can only create art. Mr. Wasserstrom does not accept this, but Scofield Thayer did. *The Dial's* voice spoke not for social unity but for individual creation.

Nicholas Joost's balanced appreciation of *The Dial* is accompanied by more than sixty-five paintings and sketches from its pages and from Thayer's collection. Wasserstrom has reprinted in *A Dial Miscellany* nearly eighty stories, essays, poems, and reviews. It forms an exceptionally distinguished collection of twentieth-century literature and reflects how well the magazine could delight its readers with surprise. Together they form a handsome tribute to the magazine. *The Dial* was meaningful in American life, these books suggest, because its editor was a man whose first requirement was that his magazine please himself—for better or for worse, and in Scofield Thayer's case, for better.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

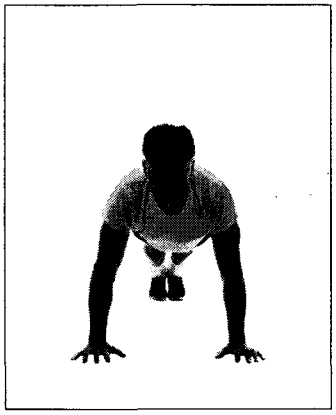
stretch

run

bend

twist

squat



push-up

pump

sit-up

Or get the same results on EXERCYCLE®

For too long, physical fitness has been synonymous with gritting teeth, straining muscles, reddening faces, and muttered curses. That's understandable if you had to do all the above exercises separately.

Although you and every member of your family require exercise every day (ask your doctor, if you don't believe us), you can make it a pleasant experience.

Just sit down on the Exercycle, the family exercise machine. Switch it on. And select the daily interesting program of exercises tailored to your needs. You'll exercise all your essential muscles, stimulate your circulation, improve your appearance, and help work off everyday nervous and emotional tension. In as little as 15 minutes a day. Quite a machine.

For a free, no-obligation demonstration of how the Exercycle works and what it can do for you and your family, fill out the coupon and mail it to us today. Or ask for free, interesting literature on the **EXERCYCLE®**

Free Ride • Free Booklet

Exercycle Corporation
630 Third Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017

☐ Give me a free, no-obligation ride on the Exercycle. Call me for an appointment at (phone)_____

☐ Send me the free, informative literature on the Exercycle.

Mr. Mrs. Miss_____

Address_____

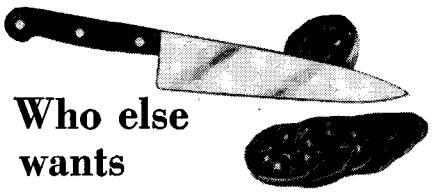
City _____

Zone_____ State_____

340

(EXERCYCLE® and ALL-BODY ACTION are trademarks identifying the exerciser made by the Exercycle Corporation.)

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Who else wants really sharp knives?

Send for the free brochure "Kitchen Cutlery that Really Cuts"

Think they don't make sharp knives any more? Comus PRO knives are different — they really cut! And you can try these professional quality knives for 30 days without risking a penny.

The Secret is the Steel

The remarkable Comus PRO knives are *not made of stainless steel.* The blades are not scalloped or saw-toothed. Instead, they are razor-keen, high-carbon, cutlery steel — forged, ground and oil-tempered to hold their edge. This is the steel used for professional cutlery . . . These are the knives used by professional chefs.

Still Sharp in 1974?

Yes! Carbon steel does make an astonishing difference. Comus PRO knives are so sharp you can thin-slice tomatoes and fresh bread — carve rare chuck as if it were finest tenderloin — chop and mince vegetables like lightning. And a few occasional swipes on steel or stone keeps your Comus PRO knives factory-sharp for ten, twenty years, or even more!

Send for Free Brochure

Comus PRO knives are not sold in any store, so send today for our free brochure. By return mail, we'll send you pictures, prices and facts on the new Comus PRO knives. Then *you* decide whether you want to try them for 30 days at *our* risk. **Write today to:**

The Comus Division, Breck's of Boston
U92 Breck Building, Boston 10, Mass.

Help yourself while you help your country
BUY U. S. SAVINGS BONDS

An evening of theater becomes an event at
Café Chauveron
Winner 1964 Holiday Magazine Award
Pre-theater table d'hote dinner to 7 p.m.
Res. PL 1-6480 139 E. 53rd St., N. Y. C.

Prize Package

HANS KONINGSBERGER

P. S. WILKINSON, by C. D. B. Bryan. *Harper & Row. $5.95.*

A reviewer of this book must pause and reflect a moment to make certain that his subject is indeed "*P. S. Wilkinson,* a novel by C. D. B. Bryan," and not "*C. D. B. Bryan,* a novel by P. S. Wilkinson": the two seem interchangeable, and the author's *curriculum vitae* reads like a synopsis of his book.

The trouble with this book is precisely that it is the young author's own life story, and it is a story that hasn't gained in the telling. We all know many young men who have served in the army, come home, and faced the indifference and phoniness of life. The fact that P. S. Wilkinson served in the army in Korea after the armistice, but writes about it as if he were in the thick of battle, does not help; nor does the fact that he finds his salvation in marrying a vague girl—rather than by writing a novel about it all, as the real-life Wilkinson did. Autobiography is a noble tradition for a first novel; but to be of interest, it has to go through some kind of transformation. The outward facts may be literally true, but surely they must be used to tell something different than the author's curriculum, for life is not art. *P. S. Wilkinson* does not tell us anything but the life so far of C. D. B. Bryan, and more about it than anyone but his close friends would want to know.

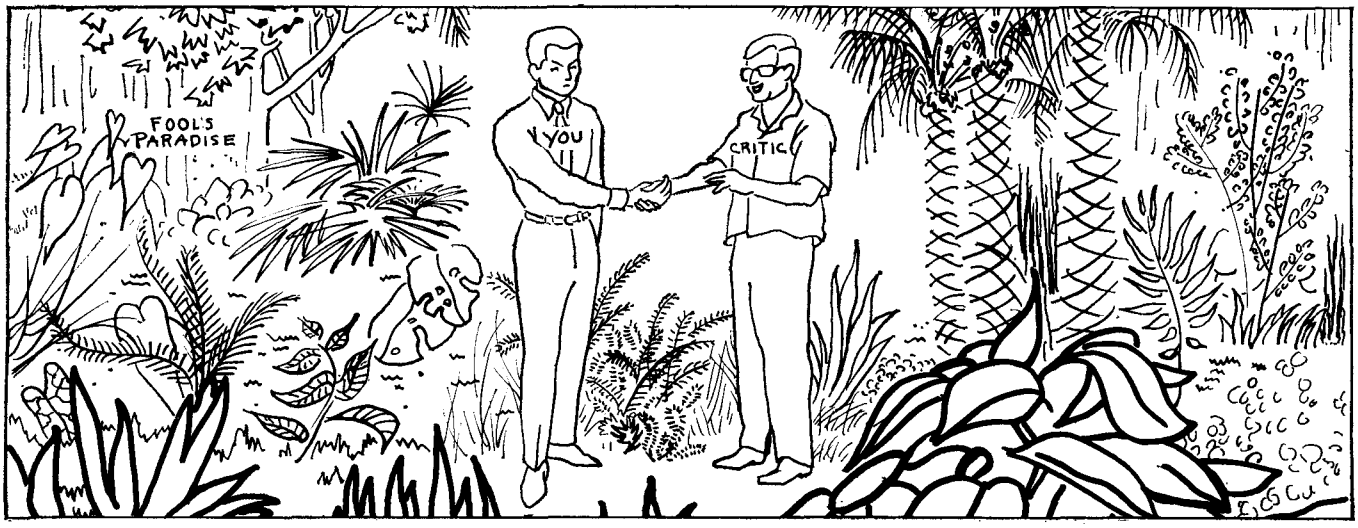
Mr. Bryan's stepfather is John O'Hara, and it is said that O'Hara, after reading Bryan's first short story, spoke the memorable words "OK, you can write." Well, that may be enough for O'Hara fans, but it is not enough for me. There are many nice scenes in the book, but they only add to the impression that the novel is a product of a class in Creative Writing. The course was followed with attention, and the novel has lots of literary allusions to show for it. Bryan is very much with it, and makes use of lines such as "He couldn't communicate. His picture tube had gone blank. . . . " Perhaps I am already too old to appreciate such sentences as natural images; frankly, they give me the creeps.

The story of P. S. Wilkinson's army and post-army days is meant to hinge on two episodes concerning honor. In the first, at the beginning of the book, Wilkinson refuses to obey an order to have the head of a Korean prostitute shaved; in the second, at the end of the book, he reminisces on being caught cheating in prep school. But the first episode seems slight indeed in the bitterly unjust world we live in, and the second (which I thought charming as a short story in the *New Yorker*) is strangely out of place and tune here.

This novel is the winner of the Harper Prize Novel Contest, selected out of 546 entries. I cannot fathom the reason why. Are prize contests conducive to excellence, or are they not? The debate on this has been long, bitter, and somewhat boring, especially in Paris, where literary prizes are essential to publishing life. Perhaps unfortunately, they are not taken very seriously here. Most of us —no matter what ax we have to grind—agree that American publishing is more commercial than it should be; that the mechanics of marketing, advertising, and selling books work in favor of a small and possibly diminishing number of best-sellers. It is better economics to sell one hundred thousand copies each of ten books than five thousand copies of two hundred books. Thus, if prizes in the U.S. have a *raison d'être,* it would seem to be as a counterweight to these facts of life: to encourage those books which, through no lack of literary merit, will not by themselves gain the limelight of the best-seller lists, or even the writer's bread-and-butter list of the paperback reprints. Why, then, award a prize to such a smooth, fashionable little tale? Perhaps we cannot understand this without reading the other 545 entries. (Did the three members of the jury really read or at least glance through them all? It seems a task beyond human endurance).

The jacket of the book shows Mr. Bryan as a man with a pleasant and sensible face. No doubt he will have the good sense to survive the prize, the troubles of P. S. Wilkinson, and even the "OK" of his stepfather.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



HOW YOU BECAME THE ART-CRITIC'S EASY-MARK

It was when you let him talk you into this.

After that you were defenceless. Whatever flossy-sounding blarney he exuded (see adjoining samples) you had to swallow, regardless of how preposterous.

And yet, as you well know, many a qualified man would not so much as step around the corner for the amount of "spontaneous delight" he could derive from the Parthenon Sculptures. They have been a bore for a hundred years, now. And the extravaganza about a mere three words in a book or a bare four notes in a symphony being invulnerable to repetition is even more ridiculous. What do you gain by kidding yourself?

Man moves ahead in art by tiring himself of it, at higher and higher levels, not by stagnating inside it.

Critic: "Okay, it's a deal. I'll fix it so you can go on dreaming that art works exist which you can never tire of, and, in exchange, you'll let me make a good living pretending I know which ones they are, and why."

Two Typical Atrocities

"and the spontaneous delight that everyone feels before the Parthenon sculptures will last as long as the human race rejoices in the name of man."

"Everyone knows the first sentence of Moby Dick ('Call me Ishmael'). It is one of the grand openings in fiction, dramatic, evocative, portentous. The three words, like the first four notes of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, cannot be reduced to banality by repetition; they still reverberate."

(Both by well-known critics — names on request.)

On Ten Days Free Trial
Tradition-Smashing Pamphlets
Send no money; Only $1.00 for Both; if you decide to keep them

How to Conjecture Art and not be a Wise-Guy

The Gag about Art Being Immortal

Although the two pamphlets are valuable in themselves, they can serve only as introduction to so far-reaching a subject. For further reading (on the same free-trial terms) we suggest the two conjecturist books mentioned below.

Authoritative Opinions

"HYPOCRISY ABOUT ART lets a lot of fresh air into the subject of art criticism — the nit wit babble of the avant garde has no relevance nor importance in understanding art and the book does a good job of deflating some of the pompous nonsense." George B. Keester. Chairman Fine Arts Dept., West Virginia Wesleyan College.

"Shaw has taken off the lid and exposed the aesthetic and critical overalls in the stew of beauty. Painter, art gallery director, and aesthetician for many years, Shaw has shown many opinions and their underlying presuppositions to lie in a Limpopo greasiness. At the heart of Shaw's theory of aesthetic judgment is his Theory of Boredom. Here he gives us a positive boost in 'Estimating Speeds of Tiring.' His chapter entitled 'The Metropolitan Museum Lays an Egg' is far too delicious to miss. A warning to aestheticians is that they may not like everything they read in Shaw, but certainly there is much to appeal to any catholic taste. This was a long overdue cleaning of the fat, self-congratulatory, aesthetic stables." Prof. Dale Riepe, C. W. Post College, in Philosophy & Phenom. Research.

"PRECIOUS RUBBISH which I received and promptly read, seems worth passing around. Please send me 30 copies." — John Wilcox. Prof. and Grad. Adviser. Wayne University.

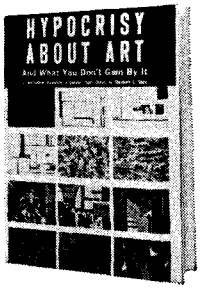
"What wonderful fun. I've been carrying it around with me everywhere, and making people read its wonderful cento of quotes, and to pretty general applause . . . It's a lulu." — Conrad Aiken.

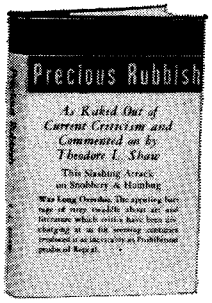
"Enjoyable — a much needed frontal attack." Dr. Lyle N. Perkins. Head Ceramics Dept., Rhode Island School of Design.

"Expresses to a T my every thought. I think it's great." — Nicola Ziroli, Artist in Res., Univ. of Ill.

"Seems to me to be a much-needed call to arms. Our regnant school of criticism is not merely misled but downright dishonest, in my opinion." — Rev. Louis F. Doyle, S.J., St. Louis Univ.

"I loved it — gave three critics one copy each — they loved it. Lost is he who hath no humor." — Dr. Wm. K. Keller, Prof. of Psychiatry. Univ. of Louisville.





Conjecturism
is the modern approach to art

It brings art up-to-date much as Evolution brought Biology up-to-date—namely by abandoning the rigid *certitude* and turning towards the experienced but temporary *conjecture*. It accepts obvious facts (see Stork Cartoon) instead of dodging them—as the old-fashioned critics do. It's tough-minded and realistic rather than sentimental and visionary. Costs nothing to investigate.

The Stork Cartoon

It's the accident of what men possessing what talents arrive on earth, in what quantities and at what times, that usually decides which art works are considered "great," and not the qualities in the art works themselves. A sudden surge of "Type A" men, all possessing a special skill in creating (or in understanding) Type A art, will soon reduce that type of art to mediocrity no matter how superior it had previously been considered.

Cash Option

If you prefer to pay in advance (with same return privilege) you may deduct postage charges.

Mail Coupon Now

STUART PUBLICATIONS, Dept. RP-2
330 Beacon St. Boston, Mass. 02116

You may send me, on ten days' free trial, the pamphlets and books checked below. I will either return them for full credit or remit the required amount.

- ☐ the two pamphlets, $1.00 for both, plus 10¢ postage
- ☐ HYPOCRISY ABOUT ART, $4.95, plus 20¢ postage
- ☐ PRECIOUS RUBBISH, $1.25 plus 10¢ postage

Name .....

Address .....

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At the Feet of Klee

HILTON KRAMER

THE DIARIES OF PAUL KLEE, 1898-1918, edited, with an Introduction, by Felix Klee. Translated from the German by Pierre B. Schneider, R. Y. Zachary, and Max Knight. *University of California Press. $10.*

Of all the qualities that distinguish the work of the great modern artists, wit is perhaps the rarest. Parody, especially of earlier art, abounds: there are whole decades—not the most distinguished—in Picasso's long career that seem to be concerned with little else. Yet parody of this sort, which simultaneously mocks and exalts the high styles of former times, is basically an art-centered device for overcoming creative ennui. It probes style rather than experience, searching in the masterworks of the past for some key to the idiom of the present. It differs from genuine wit in focusing on the language of art instead of exploring, with free-wheeling confidence, the contradictions of life itself. It is this larger concern that is the true domain of wit.

To this domain Paul Klee brought abundant gifts. He was, first of all, a superb draftsman, and a draftsman, moreover, who had at his command a very nearly inexhaustible vein of inventive fantasy. This vein of fantasy was in turn abetted by a very rich personal culture. Mozart, Voltaire, Aristophanes, and other masters of the comic vied, in Klee's mind, with the tradition of German romanticism and all its poetic, metaphysical, and symbolist conceits. In perfecting a pictorial style that was able to accommodate this Mozartian sense of the comic, with all its delicacy and thrust, with the heavy-going metaphysical interests of the German romantic, Klee remained unexcelled among the artists of his time. Only one other, I think—Joan Miró—has proved to be his equal in inventing a repertory of visual forms capable of sustaining a high order of wit without the aid of literary reference.

Klee was also a distinguished pedagogue. The formulations he devised for his classes at the Bauhaus in the 1920's have an interest by no means limited to the specifications of his own style. First published here in 1961 under the title *The Thinking Eye,* these formulations confirmed what had long been evident from a close study of Klee's *œuvre*: that his was one of the most self-conscious and carefully deliberated styles of the century. Behind every *jeu d'esprit,* every pictorial witticism and graphic metaphor, there lay a program of visual-cum-metaphysical strategies of almost military precision. Klee was determined to find for every motif that interested him not only an autonomous language of line, shape, and color but also the "laws" governing their relationships. Rarely has such a spirited comic vision been founded on such dogged and unsmiling research.

THE PERSONALITY of the artist who presided over this highly intricate aesthetic program has naturally been the object of much critical curiosity, but on the present evidence, it is beginning to look as if Klee's personality, as distinct from his artistic accomplishment, is not a promising field of inquiry. A few years ago Felix Klee, the artist's son, brought out a slight and rather pious memoir of his father which made it clear that Klee's career was not the sort that makes for compelling reading. All of the artist's wit and imaginative energy seem to have gone into the making of his art, beside which the events of his life are commonplace and without dramatic incident. Klee appears to have been what the title of his theoretical work implied: a thinking eye, wholly consumed in the vocation for which his genius superbly fitted him, but otherwise unremarkable either in his style of life or in his outlook on the world around him.

Certainly there is scant evidence of any sort of genius in the *Diaries* which the artist's son has chosen to publish (the first German edition appeared in 1957). They cover the years 1898-1918, during which time Klee transformed himself from a romantic schoolboy struggling with the usual sexual dilemmas while exploring various possibilities for a career—music and literature were, in the beginning, almost as attractive to him as the visual arts—into a committed artist well on his way to formulating his own aesthetic system. Perhaps their chief interest is to be found in the way they dramatize the grave doubts and uncertainties that plagued Klee in the early stages of his artistic development, but even this interest is dimmed by the pervasive bathos that suffuses the diaries wherever the artist's personal difficulties are seriously examined.

Klee had a distressing penchant for elevating even the most trivial dilemma—for example, whether to go to bed with a model from his art classes—into a moral and metaphysical question of universal significance. The result is that, while the diaries contain hardly any wit of the sort that ultimately came to characterize his pictures and drawings, there are a good many entries that produce comedy of an unintended sort. Klee once remarked that in his work, "Man is not a species but a cosmic point," and the strength of his artistic maturity lay in his ability to make of so abstract and metaphysical a view of his own experience an attractive pictorial vision. But outside the pictorial medium, this typically German metaphysical habit of mind produced precisely the kind of pomposity that Klee often lampooned in his pictures. Thus, writing in 1901 about the three preceding years—Klee was then twenty-two—he observed: "The very fact that the whole man at times fell very low in the course of these three years made him eager for and capable of purification. Many projects are witnesses to this. In the end, the need for absolute form is not lacking either. Herewith equilibrium begins to establish itself. That my bethrothal should coincide in time with this state is perfectly logical." This entry, sounding vaguely like a parody of a hero in a Wagnerian music-drama, is a far cry from the sardonic print entitled "Two Men Meet, Each Presuming the Other To Be of Higher Rank," which the artist produced two years later. The diaries are simply another universe of discourse.

During the period covered by the

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE REPORTER Puzzle

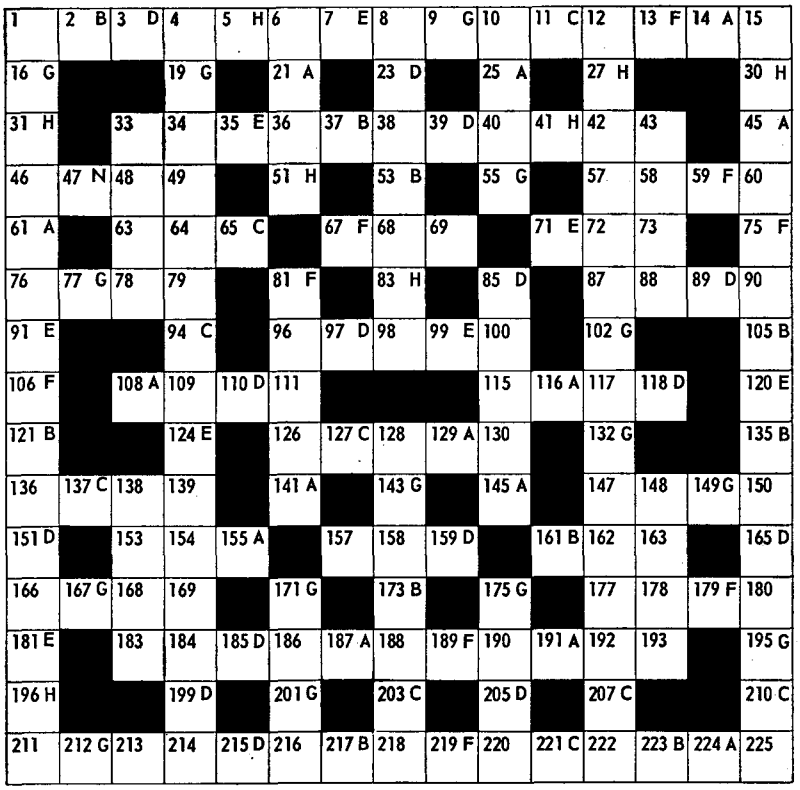
Acrostickler® No. 119

by HENRY ALLEN

© 1965 by the Reporter Magazine Company

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



A
25 14 45 224 108 187 191 129 116 145 141 157 21 61 155 Perhaps a headline for the father-son game, where the sons make a come-back (10, 5).

B
161 105 37 2 53 173 223 47 135 217 121 What may be enjoyed in the southern part of the country (5, 6).

C
11 94 210 221 207 137 65 203 127 An old-time gunner.

D
97 23 39 185 110 3 151 165 85 199 215 205 159 89 118 A symbol of the U. S. S. R. (6, 3, 6).

E
7 120 99 181 124 91 71 132 35 213 Helpers.

F
67 59 179 75 106 219 13 81 189 Deliberate destruction to no purpose.

G
19 77 149 16 102 195 167 175 55 132 201 9 212 171 143 $(NH_4)_2S$ (8,7).

H
41 5 196 31 83 27 151 30 Novel by Conrad.

ACROSS

1. Word of endearment or of pose (4,2,9).
33. Accomplishments sometimes meant taints.
46. Neat before.
57. Man in the final analysis.
63. The alternative from the mine, it's said.
67. The lorry in the forefront.
71. A beverage of vital efficacy.
76. I surround the member of parliament with the regiment.
87. I led the unemployed once.
96. She's in the midst of the present particulars.
108. A kind of song that brings joy.
115. The Irish seer.
126. Made some mistakes before deer are heard.
136. The cockney's poor, benighted Indian friend in big industry (dial.).
147. High priest of a thousand in Alabama.
153. Tea in the city should be bitter cold.
157. What you do in Alabama in a small way to fly to Alaska.
161. The dance in France and in Cuba, Lima, etc.
166. Now in Rome and in a graven unciform shape.
177. Trends move this way especially, when no senior is present.
183. I miss emetic (probably ipecac) because I'm partly Levantine (4-7).
211. Perhaps one of the many responsibilities of the Acrostician in his job (7, 8).

DOWN

1. The way of Hitler that completeness suggested.
4. An idea of happiness in which the fabric precedes the triumph (8, 7).
6. A puff of wind in distaff lambasting! (Scot.).
8. Not just the aficionado's food, but his show of outward display.
10. Organs with approving sounds.
12. Something the experts seek for atomic piles, turning this in and out into a stall (5, 10).
15. Footless or stupid? (2, 13).
33. Father about to get on or over.
43. A vehicle on the Isle de France (sic).
81. Guide a longhorn.
85. The minister will see such actions as good or bad.
128. Please use the broom again to put 115 across into a pew.
138. Persists in certain decibel sounds.
148. Britain's Tory leader is 71 across with many.
171. A British marshal may be in a pickle!
175. The mineral you may claim without a pound to your name.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

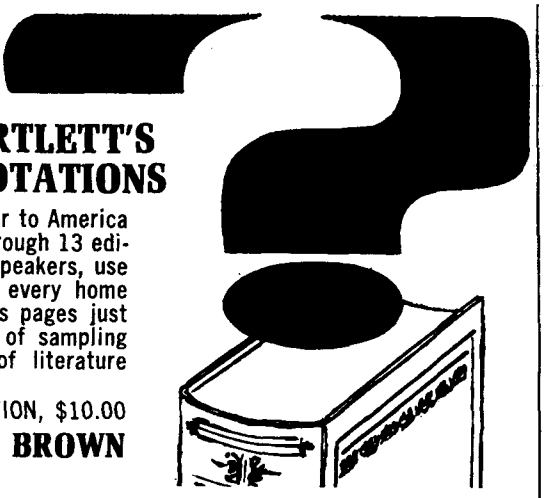
What book is as useful as your dictionary, atlas, and thesaurus?

BARTLETT'S FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS

It's been friend and helper to America for over 100 years and through 13 editions. Writers, students, speakers, use it constantly. Readers in every home like to ramble through its pages just for the sheer enjoyment of sampling the greatest collection of literature the world has ever known.

CENTENNIAL EDITION, $10.00

LITTLE, BROWN



HOME STUDY *Courses*

STUDY BY MAIL AT HOME
PROFIT FROM YOUR SPARE TIME

Indiana University offers correspondence study courses in many fields of learning. You can earn credits toward a high school diploma or college degree . . . or advance your cultural or business interests.

WRITE FOR BULLETIN

INDIANA UNIVERSITY
CORRESPONDENCE STUDY BUREAU
Box 109
BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA

"THAT ELIOT, like Pound or Joyce, was a University man, oriented toward a teaching career which he abandoned apparently in a moment of lost direction; that each of them instead became schoolmaster to a generation; that finally they became part of the next generation's curricula: these are not random happenings but part of the strange process by which a world escaped being lobotomized."

For the current issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, send 25¢ to Dept. P-5, 150 E. 35 St., New York 16, N. Y.

If you love children, your heart will go out to Tommy Littleraven, a 9-year-old American Indian boy who is attending school off the reservation for the first time. Going to school in town frightens Tommy. He is afraid that his non-Indian schoolmates are laughing at his tattered clothing, at his faulty English.

He yearns to join the school club, buy personal books, clothing, go out for a soda with the other boys. But his parents are too poor to give him pocket money. And so Tommy wanders off by himself and dreams that someday he will have the money to do what his non-Indian schoolmates do.

if you love children

Make a dream come true! You, your school or group can make this dream come true for an Indian child like Tommy. Contribute $12.50 a month and provide one Indian youngster with suitable clothing, personal books and a cash allowance. You will receive the photograph and story of the child you help and enjoy a warm person-to-person relationship through an exchange of letters. Please give one Indian youngster an even break – and the sense of security and confidence he needs to join the mainstream of American life.

National Sponsors
Faith Baldwin
Joan Crawford
Henry R. Luce
Norman Rockwell
Frank Sinatra
Mrs. Earl Warren

Founded 1932
SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION
Norwalk, Connecticut

I wish to contribute $150.00 annually to help an American Indian girl ☐ boy ☐
Enclosed is my first payment:
$12.50 a month ☐ $ 75.00 semi-annually ☐
$37.50 a quarter ☐ $150.00 annually ☐
I cannot sponsor a child, enclosed is contribution of $_____

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ Zone____ State_____
Contributions are income tax deductible. RE 2-11-5

diaries, Klee took an active part in the art life of Munich. He was part of the Blaue Reiter group with Kandinsky, visited Italy, France, and North Africa, and served in the German Army. He was witness to the most important events of the European avant-garde in its most fertile and consequential decade, and he was discriminating—often, indeed, prophetic—in his response to them, as one can see in the way he absorbed their lessons into his own artistic production. And yet his recorded remarks on these historic events are dull and unedifying. Frequently they are not even remarks, merely lists and quick notations.

There would be no need to labor this point if the artist's son had not produced this edition of the *Diaries* on the clear assumption that their significance is not only vast but manifest. Felix Klee seems to have inherited his father's tendency to pomposity while escaping the least touch of his wit. Hence he has treated the reader to appendixes consisting of the Klee genealogical chart, than which nothing could be of less importance for an understanding of his father's art, and an inane little document called the "Felix Calendar," in which Klee recorded his son's baby talk, his various illnesses, and the progress of his teething. This may, of course, herald a whole new territory for future art-historical research, particularly if such research remains legally bound to the artist's heirs, but it doesn't seem to promise any startling revaluations in critical judgment.

The publisher was, I suppose, stuck with Felix Klee as the editor, but it is nonetheless a scandal that a volume of this sort should appear completely devoid of notes identifying the many figures and events that loom large in its pages. The absence of an index is likewise deplorable. It is amusing, though, to think what Klee *as an artist* would have made of this pious mixture of intellectual solemnity and academic illiteracy.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IF YOU ARE CONCERNED OR INVOLVED WITH Urban Planning • City Management • Housing: Design and Development • Crime and Delinquency • Intergroup Relations • Family Problems • Recreation and Leisure • Education and Welfare • Urban Mental Health • Poverty...

The Library of Urban Affairs

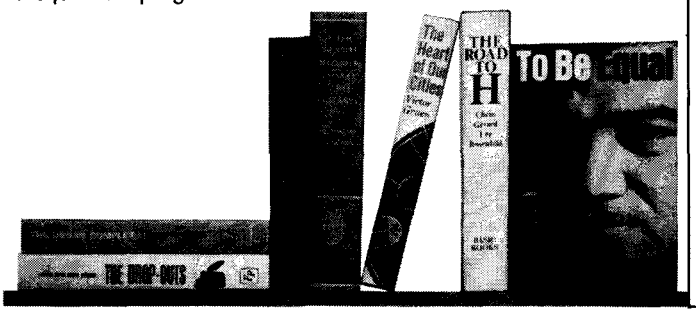
invites you to CHARTER MEMBERSHIP in a unique, timely new Program

Why THE LIBRARY OF URBAN AFFAIRS? President Kennedy called our cities "the great unspoken, overlooked, underplayed problems of our times." But today people from many fields and disciplines are urgently seeking solutions to these problems and planning for the future. What has been needed is *a single source of authoritative, up-to-date information* on the death of neighborhoods, troubled schools, traffic chaos, the "other America", and the many crises now sweeping the nation's urban centers.

THE LIBRARY OF URBAN AFFAIRS *has been created to meet this need.* It brings together–*for the first time*–the finest, most significant books on all aspects of urban life. Under the guidance of a distinguished Editorial Advisory Board, these books are selected for their timeliness, their ability to cut through to the heart of a problem, to stimulate lively, even controversial ideas. For municipal officials, city planners, caseworkers, teachers, architects, urban scholars, and many others, The Library represents a unique opportunity to expand their knowledge in other vital areas.

Each month, you receive a special report on books available to members at savings up to 40%. You need accept as few as three books during the next twelve months. And you receive a free Bonus Book of your choice with every fourth purchase.

CHARTER MEMBERSHIP OFFER: As a Charter Member of THE LIBRARY OF URBAN AFFAIRS, you may accept *any 3* of the books described on this page for only $1.00 each (values to $33.95). Simply circle the books you want and return the coupon to us. You can then begin to enjoy the many advantages of membership in this exciting and unique new program.



CHOOSE ANY 3
(values up to $33.95) of these outstanding books for only one dollar each

1. THE HEART OF OUR CITIES. *Victor Gruen.* An architect–planner's vigorous, witty, and profound analysis of the ills of our cities–with many workable suggestions for their cure. With over 150 illustrations from the author's own files. List Price $8.50

2. THE ROAD TO H. *Isidor Chein & Associates.* The single most important study of drug addiction, with controversial proposals for its treatment, prevention, and control. A penetrating study of one of the most serious social problems of our time. List Price $12.50

3. THE URBAN COMPLEX. *Robert C. Weaver.* President Johnson's chief advisor on urban affairs considers major problems of our cities: the impact of urbanization on society, the middle-class flight to the suburbs, etc. List Price $4.95

4. TO BE EQUAL. *Whitney M. Young, Jr.* The Executive Director of the National Urban League offers practical alternatives to continuous racial conflict–a comprehensive program of special effort in education, housing, welfare, and leadership. List Price $5.00

5. THE DEATH AND LIFE OF GREAT AMERICAN CITIES. *Jane Jacobs.* A brilliant attack on current methods of city planning and rebuilding. Presents practical if unorthodox proposals for revitalizing our cities. List Price $7.50

6. MENTAL HEALTH IN THE METROPOLIS: The Midtown Manhattan Study. *Leo Srole & others.* First contribution to a definitive series on mental health in an urban community. Reports on eight years of intensive research into the mental health of 1660 persons living in midtown Manhattan. List Price $6.75

7. GOVERNING THE METROPOLIS. *Scott Greer.* Analyzes politics and government in metropolitan areas: the community power structure, the social and economic changes affecting city politics, the influence of suburbia, much more. List Price $4.95

8. SICK CITIES. *Mitchell Gordon.* Air pollution, water contamination, deterioration of downtown areas, traffic congestion–these and other alarming aspects of city life are examined in this lively, enlightening book on the current urban dilemma. List Price $6.50

9. THE SEXUAL OFFENDER AND HIS OFFENSES. *Benjamin Karpman, M.D.* Our rising crime rate makes this exhaustive work on sexual abnormalities essential reading. Over 300 detailed case studies List Price $12.50

10. THE DROP-OUTS. *Solomon O. Lichter & others.* Why do adolescents leave school? How can we alleviate the drop-out problem? Here is a candid, thoroughly documented study of the drop-out situation, including practical solutions and many actual case histories. List Price $5.95

11. URBAN GROWTH DYNAMICS. *Chapin & Weiss, editors.* Specialists in city and regional planning, sociology and other disciplines examine the economic, political, and social dimensions of urban growth and the environment within which it is taking place. List Price $8.95

12. MAN'S STRUGGLE FOR SHELTER IN AN URBANIZING WORLD. *Charles Abrams.* The leading consultant on housing discusses current housing problems in the world's urban centers and offers concrete proposals for dealing with this critical situation. List Price $7.95

13. CASEWORK: A Psychosocial Therapy. *Florence Hollis.* A milestone in casework theory and practice. Dr. Hollis surveys current approaches to casework and offers important new formulations for more effective treatment. List Price $8.50

CHARTER MEMBERSHIP FORM

Library of Urban Affairs 59 Fourth Ave./New York 10003

Please enroll me as a Charter Member and send me the three books circled below, for which I will be billed only $1.00 each plus postage. I understand that I need buy as few as three more books during the next twelve months, and I will receive a *free* Bonus Book of my choice after every fourth Selection.

Circle three:

1 2 3 4 5
6 7 8 9 10
11 12 13

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code # _____

R2B

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Napoléon blessé devant Ratisbonne. Détail de la peinture par C. Gautherot. (Musée de Versailles.)

On reconnaissance before taking Regensburg (Ratisbonne), April 25, 1809, Napoleon was hit by a ricochet bullet. As soon as his boot had been slit open and a dressing applied, Napoleon, though in severe pain, joked about his wound, asked for a little help in remounting and rode into the city. His self-control saved his troops from panic on the betrayal of their belief that he could never be wounded.

COURVOISIER

COGNAC

The wisdom of famous men lives after them—thus, Napoleon's choice of Courvoisier Cognac enlivens *your* pleasure in its matchless flavour and bouquet. You will recognize in it *un air de grandeur* that sets it apart as *The Brandy of Napoleon*. And this will tell you why Courvoisier has for centuries been chosen by kings and statesmen, by all who can command the finest.

80 Proof

*Courvoisier Cognac—and Courvoisier only—bears this registered phrase on every bottle. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y. SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED